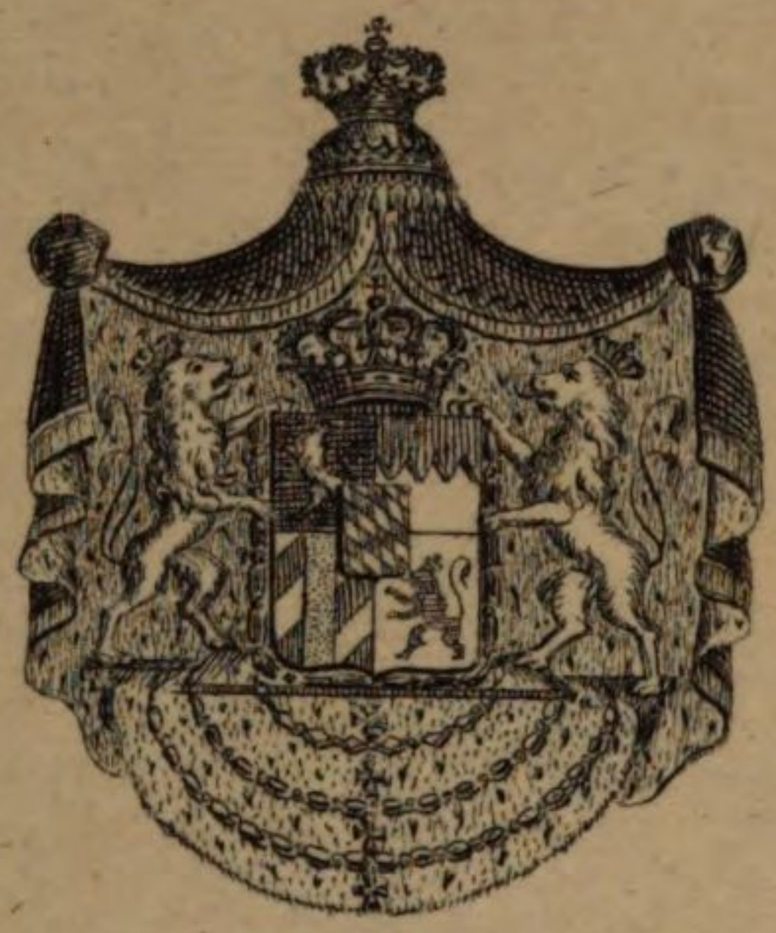
L. O. Angl.
251 d.



BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS.

<366300854300l6

<366300854300l6

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

THE

NEW BRITISH NOVELIST;

COMPRISING

WORKS

BY THE

MOST POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE WRITERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

IN FIFTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XXII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR COLBURN AND BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE DOUBLE TRIAL.

CHAPTER I.

Such beauty, such grace!—Oh, ye Sylphs of Romance!

MOORE.

CAPTAIN ROUSTANE did not arrive before Mr. Harley party set off for the ball. To some remark of Mrs. Harley, concerning his following them, Erina replied—"My dear mamma, when you consider this unfortunate duel, and the interest that he must naturally feel concerning the lady, I cannot fancy he can have much inclination for a ball. And I really think you had better prevail on papa not to press him in his note to come after us."

"Don't you pretend, Erina," said Mr. Harley, in his playful way, "to have any judgment in these cases; you are only now in the act of breaking the shell, and coming out in the world

among men and women. You may think a little, but not speak."

"But you know, dear papa," said Erina, "that you have always encouraged me to think aloud."

The ball was most numerously attended, as it was expected. Every body of, or belonging to, fashion in the neighbourhood considered it a point of etiquette to shew themselves. Ancient dowagers and venerable old gentlemen, who had given up visiting, thought it but right to order their carriages, pay their compliments to the Members, make the circuit of the room, and, without even putting up their horses, drive home again.

A very considerable sensation pervaded the whole room as our young heroine entered with Mr. and Mrs. Harley. Her grace and beauty had long been a topic in the neighbourhood; and, though well known at home, she had never courted the public gaze. A common country assembly was an abomination to Mr. Harley: it was a favourite boast with him that he had never entered a room of the kind since his marriage; and he now came here only out of respect to the parties, to prove, as he said, his general rule, by having his exception.

The fashionable public, therefore, set this appearance of the Harleys down, as the coming out of Miss Erina Harley. Every one was anxious to see her.

Her dress, in the first place, was a grievous disappointment to the fashionables; there was nothing splendid in it, and nothing decidedly striking: as a lady of very great taste said—"there was not any part of her dress that was worthy of remark." There was very little difference in her habiliments and those of Mrs. Harley, who never launched forth into the tide of fashion; and many of the ladies remarked, for Mrs. Harley was still handsome, that they might easily pass for sisters.

Yet no one expressed any disappointment in the closest examination of her face and person: that graceful person and that animated countenance were soon exhibited to the greatest advantage as many an acquaintance came up and addressed her. Among others, Mr. Calamy, who was one of the M.P.s for the town, his colleague being absent in Switzerland, was the first; and, shaking her hand, said softly—"If there is no favourite in the case, Erina, will you take your first dance with a very old friend?"

"I am obliged to you," said she, "for the attention as well as the honour."

"You have done just what I could have wished," said Mr. Harley, walking away with him. "You have anticipated a favour I was about to ask you."

Erina's acquaintance, Sir John and Lady Cummings, and their granddaughters, and the two youngest Miss O'Hallorans—(but neither Sir Timothy, nor his Lady, nor his eldest daughter, who had lately married a rich merchant)—were already present, and others. In a few minutes Lord and Lady Vanessy, and Lady Sarah Vane, their youngest daughter, with Lord Wharton, entered the room. Lord Wharton soon paid his compliments to the Harleys; and Lord Vanessy introduced his wife and daughters to the ladies. In short, introductions and recollections soon assimilated that part of the company who could move together in a certain sphere, and were not in that constant routine of fashion which produces a frequent intercourse.

Lord Wharton lost not a moment while he remained by the side of Erina in expressing his devotion to her, though propriety had compelled him to take the first dance with Lady Sarah;

and family considerations had also engaged him for the next to Miss O'Halloran. He hoped, therefore, Erina would accept him for the third set.

Erina, not wishing to make it a subject of any discussion, acquiesced without further remark; and his Lordship could no longer delay returning to his own party. Erina danced the second set with the youngest son of one of the County Members; a youth—a young man I should say—who had just left Eton, and was entered at Cambridge. She was very much amused with this partner, who seemed to think Eton and Cambridge the pinnacles of fashion; and though he danced very ill, or rather not at all, and had not a grace or accomplishment in a single feature or motion, yet seemed perfectly satisfied with himself. Towards the latter part of their dancing together, the beauty of his partner seemed to have burst suddenly upon his faculties; and, as if endeavouring to forget his own perfections, he attempted to make two or three gallant and fine speeches. This was not half so pleasing to our heroine as his attention to himself; and in reply to a speech delivered with all that pointed phraseology which characterizes the pretenders to fashion, whether in a drawing-room or a ball-room, she

rather *quizzingly* asked him--for that little trait of Irishism was natural to her—"Since I shall have the misfortune to lose you so soon, will you candidly tell me, am I to remember you, as you so earnestly desire, as an *exquisite specimen* of a modern *Etonian* or *Cantabrigian?*"

"Both, Ma'am, devotedly at your service," was the reply.

It is said that his repetition of the lady's admiration brought the word EXQUISITE into that expressive ridicule of these santons of fashion, whose character I can give universally in a very few words—"they are more fools than knaves;"—and I will not say this of the motleys of former days. Yet I confess that I have oft been amused by the grimaces of these men of the first fashion, upon the strong contrast of vanity and absurdity. In Hogarth's figure of perfection in strait lines, I recognise their exterior;—assurance is their ease, and conceit is their manners:—as we view an awkward Harlequin, a stupid merry Andrew, or relish a very bad pun, so I confess I have gained some amusement from them."

Erina had now begun dancing the third set with Lord Wharton; and the attention of the whole of the unemployed company was exclusively devoted to them. Lord Wharton's dancing, and

his knowledge upon the *art* (no mean art in France and Italy), could not fail to be noticed. He had instructed the musicians, (the first band in London), and they were delighted with his remarks, and his perfect knowledge upon the subject; more particularly when they discovered that he was a young nobleman just come from Italy. Erina's partners had been by no means as yet co-partners; but the excellency of her dancing became evident the moment she stood up with Lord Wharton. Mr. Harley had just begun to feel that this was too much of an exhibition, when he was called out of the room.—I know no point of display in which young ladies excel, where they are more likely to give way to the impulse of the moment, as in the dance. It is so innocent in itself, so promotive of bliss and good-humour, and indicative of a heart at ease, that it is not to be wondered that our British dances charm the fancy, and satisfy the reason, by their modesty.

Mr. Harley found his young friend, now *Major* Roustane, arrived. As Mr. Harley had sent back the carriage, and insisted upon his following him, the Major considered it not only his duty to obey, but very proper that he should appear at such a ball in his full-dress regimentals. I need not describe how splendid are those of the

Royal Swiss Guards of France; and his entrance immediately attracted the public observation. Major Roustane was quickly introduced to the Members of the County, who gave the ball, and to the Stewards of the evening. He was then taken to Mrs. Harley, who was attentively watching every movement of her dear child, full of admiration, yet most anxious that the display was over. To his enquiries for Erina, she was pointed out among the dancers.

"Is that very beautiful young lady, who is dancing with that very handsome and gentlemanly man, Erina?" he could have exclaimed with the greatest surprise. "True! I always knew her beautiful—beautiful even as a child, when, as a boy, I carried her in my arms over the rocks and mountains—beautiful when I saw her again six years ago; but now I see a perfect woman—in the very zenith of taste and fashion—in the midst of display, and surrounded with admiration!" He asked Mr. Harley who the gentleman was that she was dancing with.—"Lord Wharton."

"The Earl of Kathemere's only son and heir. I have heard of him in Italy, and very highly spoken of:—he is an excellent dancer indeed!"

Long did the dance seem to some of the company, and short enough to others. At length it was over. The Major was recognised, and kindly, though he fancied coldly, noticed by the beloved child and companion of his youth. Lord Wharton and Major Roustane were introduced to each other, and conversed with that ease and indifference, as if not a passion agitated either of their breasts; though one of the most baneful of all the passions, jealousy, had already excited them against each other. The Major saw, at the first glance, the earnest attention of the young *nobleman;* and *his* mind, at the very instant of introduction, was filled with the most rankling suspicions.

"You are an old acquaintance I see with my friends, the Harleys?" said Lord Wharton.

"Very old," said the Major, "though it is almost six years since I have seen them."

"Then Miss Harley is grown up out of your remembrance?"

"By no means; it is a face that I never shall forget!"

"Nor any man, I fancy, who has once seen it," said the other. "Have you been long in England, Major Roustane?"

"I arrived in London yesterday, my Lord.

I believe La Pellier, a Captain in our regiment, is not unknown to you?"

"No, I met him at Florence, where he has relatives: he is a noble character, as kind as he is brave."

"I have the pleasure to say," added Major Roustane, "that he is an old and well-tried friend of mine. He is now at Florence, or I should not be in England."

Such converse coolly and easily passed between them, as if there was not a sentiment in the breast of the one that was not in unison with that of the other.

Erina next danced with her old acquaintance, Major Roustane. By this the attention of the company had become very much occupied by the Major:—his splendid dress—the unknown uniform—but the uniform was quickly discovered by some of the company, and the Major's introduction soon told who he was. Then the report in the Papers of the love-affair—the duel, and the escape of the young Swiss officer. Conjecture speedily said—This is he: even doubt and reason said—This is very probably the person. But when Mr. Harley was spoken to on the subject, he made no scruple of saying—"It is the same person; but his antagonist is in no danger."

Every body was looking on while he was dancing with Erina; but the interest was totally different. The dancing of either was no longer worthy of notice; both moved constrained and unanimated, as if it were a work of ceremony and necessity. But the company all looked at him, and a thousand remarks were made; while half the company could not believe that in Erina they saw the graceful and agile figure which had just before captivated them. Lord Wharton saw them not: he was now dancing in another part of the room with the youngest of the Miss O'Hallorans.

The dancers now paused, for the hour of refreshment arrived; and the gentlemen prepared to usher the ladies into the supper-room. Lord Wharton attended the party with which he came to the rooms; and the case was similar with most of the gentlemen.

The Major had now every opportunity of conversing with one who for the first time had been his partner in the dance, but who had been his associate in many a pleasant party of youth. —But how changed was the scene!—Instead of rural ease and simplicity, and words of the heart, and actions impelled by the moment, here was the pomp, and parade, and restraint of a shewy

and crowded ball-room; and every word was selected before it was uttered, and every action had a reference to what others might think of it. Yet still would the Major have called to recollection the scenes of former days, and built up future hope as he dwelt upon them: he feared not to touch upon the theme, for all seemed like a vain and tantalizing dream. And where now were the thousand little questions of interest and of youthful affection, as in former days she would ask him, minutely ask him, about his parents, and his brother, and his sister, and all her remembered acquaintance in the vale?—Now the converse was—" Have you lately heard, Major Roustane, from your friends in Switzerland? —I hope they are all well. Mr. Harley heard from the General about a month ago, and he is still at his Castle." Nor were his questions of more animation and interest.

Before they left the supper-room, Erina began to ask at what time they broke up, and spoke of fatigue; and what fatigue is more irksome than the weariness of the spirits?—Upon this point Major Roustane tried to rally.—" It is impossible, Miss Harley,"—he had never in his life before this evening called her Miss Harley— " for me to conceive that you are the young lady

that, in your earliest youth, and in my best days, would often rouse my boldest exertions, and make me pause, and ask you to rest, that I might rest myself."

Her answer was most laconic and discouraging —" You knew me not as *Miss Harley* then."

" If you feel fatigued, Erina," said Mr. Harley, " I see no need of our staying any longer. Biddy I am certain will be most glad to depart, and I most glad never to have come here, but for the mere form of the thing. Suppose you take one more dance with the Major, and then we will all go home."

" If I dance any more, Sir, I have promised Lord Wharton," said Erina.

" I'll introduce Major Roustane to Lady Sarah," said Mr. Harley; which accordingly took place.

After supper, the Etonian Cantab, having heard so many people speak of the beauty of Erina, came up to her.—" Will you once more take pity upon me, fair lady ?"

" Pity you !—To be sure, I always do."

" Then favour me with your fair hand, lady;" and he held out his own.

" I am no judge of pulses," said she. " There is a very clever Doctor in the room. I can give

you nothing more than my pity; and that from my very heart you are welcome to."

Lord Wharton came up, and the Etonian Cantab walked very simply away, Erina saying softly, with a smile—"'Tis pity, pitiful, and pitiless!"

This second dancing with Erina seemed to give additional spirits to Lord Wharton; and when it was concluded, the Harley party left the room.

CHAPTER II.

What would a Novel be without secrets ?

Mr. and Mrs. Harley received Major Roustane with the genuine kindness of the heart. After breakfast Mr. Harley took him into his own study, and said—"You are come in a hurry from Paris, but not the less welcome, I assure you :—now tell me candidly, are you quite comfortable in money matters? Your hurry very probably has prevented your making that provision for your stay among us which you may wish or require. I have two or three hundred pounds at your service this moment. Remember, Roberte, I speak to you as your old friend; and if you do not answer me to the point, and accept my offer, if you have the least need, you will make an irreparable breach in that friendship, which I now hope exists between us."

Major Roustane thanked him in the warmest and most affectionate terms; but assured him that he had not the least need of pecuniary

assistance, as he had a considerable sum at his banker's at Paris.—" I have been a soldier of Fortune you know, Sir; and most kindly has she treated me. I am a man of very little expence, and never trouble myself with servants and horses.—You may perhaps wonder that I came over to England, instead of visiting my relatives and friends at home; but I knew I should arrive here without any molestation, and I had an object in view of the greatest anxiety in coming to England, which even to you, my dear Sir, I wish not at present to mention. I have a particular friend, now absent from Paris, upon whose arrival there I expect every thing will be amicably adjusted; though as soon as it is concluded, I intend to leave my present corps."

" Tell me no secrets, Roberte," continued Mr. Harley, " unless I can be of service to you. My secrets are somewhat like those of an old fellow whom I met with the other day, whose only pleasure in them was to tell them to his wife, and a friend or two. I have no secret, Major Roustane; I never had a secret in my life. Young people ought never to have any; and I advise you to get rid of yours as quickly as you can, though not to me."

The young soldier smiled—faintly smiled,

and said—"I will endeavour to follow your good advice, Sir; but I have every hope that you will allow the propriety of my conduct."

"I dare say," replied Mr. Harley, "that I shall. You tell me, Major Roustane, that this your antagonist is out of danger; but how came you and he to get into danger?—I never knew but one duel that I ever took any pleasure in—that of *my* friend Puffeter's. My friend I call him deservedly; because it was all owing, as you know, to his warm and active friendship for my dearest relative, Elrington, that Elrington owes his success in the law. But if it is not one of your secrets, tell me how this affair of yours happened."

"The affair was very sudden," replied Major Roustane. "There had been for some time a trifling jealousy between some of my friends. A particular friend was absent. I left the mess very early. The Colonel, who is of the royal blood, immediately made an allusion publicly before the officers, injurious to the reputation of a lady in Paris, of unblemished character. I was told of it on the parade, and the moment it was over. Here, I confess, I was too hasty, and ought to have waited till the next-day's mess; but the character of others, and not my own, was at stake,

and I conceived it my duty to defend it the *first* opportunity. All the officers were still assembled. I respectfully approached my superior officer, and said—'I give you my word and honour, my Lord Duke, that the reports you have heard of ———,' (I here mentioned the lady's name), 'are without foundation; and that the present *mysterious seclusion* of the lady and her relative'—I made use of his own words—'is necessary to the state of their affairs, and does honour to their feelings and their virtues.' —'You presume to think, Major,' said he, 'not only that your intelligence is more correct than my own; but you mean to arraign what I have said upon the subject?'—'I mean to say, Colonel, that you have been led into a mistake, if you entertain any doubt as to the honourable respectability of the parties.'—'Your interference,' said he, with great anger, 'is impertinent, and shall meet with exemplary notice!'—'I presume you address me, Colonel, my Lord Duke, as an officer under your controul?'—'No, Sir, as an officer to an officer, who has been guilty of an impertinent interference!'—I walked away, to demand a further explanation at another time; but he, guessing my mind, hastened after me; and as we turned the corner of the large barrack-

building, pushed against me, and said—'No time, Sir, like the present time!'—We both drew, and in a moment my sword passed over his guard, penetrating his right arm and breast. He fell immediately; and I left the ground, and came off directly to England.—I detest duelling; and I had resolved not to be guilty of any breach of etiquette upon the spot, which was still in the very precincts of royalty; but the pushing against me might have appeared to others as a blow: and if it had been on the parade in the front of the palace, I believe that I should have drawn my sword."

"I can only say, my dear Major," said Mr. Harley, "that I am glad you have got so good an excuse."

"I never intend to fight another duel," continued Major Roustane.

"Aye, that is the word of promise to the ear," replied Mr. Harley; "but then come the temptation and exception."

At this point there was a pause, and Erina was seen to issue from the house, as if she was going to take a walk.

"Erina is going into the village, I suppose," replied Mr. Harley, in answer to his friend's

question; "and I dare say she'll have no objection to your attending her."

Major Roustane therefore joined her, and offered her his arm, which she declined; but the conversation, with some little restraint, continued upon the scenes chiefly of the late evening, till they came by Mrs. Clements's shop, when Erina said—"I must here wish you a good morning, Major Roustane."

"Oh, I remember this house and the inmates very well," said he; "and, with your permission, I will step in with you, and ask them how they do."

"Certainly," replied Erina; "my business with Mrs. Clements is not very urgent, and I will take a turn in the garden till you are gone:" thus decidedly hinting that she did not wish for his company through her morning walk or calls.

The Major felt it; and having spoken to the different inmates, all of whom he knew very well when he was in England before, he walked back to Field House, with a sad disappointment upon all the pleasing remembrances of his former acquaintance and social habits with Erina.

When he got back to the house, he took up

a book; but his thoughts ran upon the astonishing difference in the behaviour of young ladies after a certain age.—"Five or six years," thought he, "is a considerable space of time in this young lady's life; but she remembers me as well as if she had seen me the day before my arrival.—Why should not all that enchanting brotherly familiarity and ease be still continued?"—And he seated himself in the oriel window, that gave a most pleasing perspective down the very wide and handsome avenue of old oaks that led up to the front of the house; every moment looking along the avenue, to catch the first view of her return.

More than a long hour had passed before he perceived her entering the avenue at the great iron gate, which, with all its ancient ornaments and armorial figures, reared itself fifteen feet high, and bounded the highway, which on the right led immediately into the London road, and on the left adjoined the village: on the left also, not half-way down the avenue, was a foot-path that came at once into the churchyard, and was a nearer passage to the upper parts of the village.

In the upper part, nearly opposite the other side of the churchyard, was Mr. Reuben Parsloe's house. By her entering the bottom of the

avenue, he knew she had been somewhere else; and the next moment he perceived a gentleman at her side, who had opened the gate as she entered. Another view assured him it was Lord Wharton.

He had taken up his hat to meet her. He now paused, was irresolute, and sat not down; yet he decided at once, in his own mind, that she had dismissed him, and walked to that part of the village on purpose to meet Lord Wharton. He observed them—they often paused. Lord Wharton seemed in the most earnest conversation:—he evidently wished to detain her—he did often detain her. At length the conversation seemed to have closed, as by mutual consent: Lord Wharton making a respectful bow, and stepping back one step, lifted up his hat, which appeared to be a signal to his servant, who with the horses immediately came forward through the gate. The difference in Lord Wharton's manners was now very apparent: there was all the urgency and deference of reason and solicitation and submission before; all the ease and vivacity and indifference of common conversation now!—Major Roustane walked out to meet them. The young men shook each other by the hand, and exchanged civil speeches, as if they both

rejoiced in renewing their acquaintance; and they all entered the house together.

The conversation, indeed, between Lord Wharton and Erina had been most animating—at least on the part of Lord Wharton, if not so much on that of the fair-one. He had not directly made love; but he had done what is very similar, and generally much wiser—he had talked of the very great pleasure that he received on the former evening, which pleasure he attributed to his being and dancing with Erina. He had hinted that he came from Ireland for the purpose, and would gladly have crossed Europe rather than have been disappointed. He had spoken of his first meeting with Erina, and compared himself with no little humour to a Knight in former days, wandering over the world to meet with some matchless unknown, whose picture he had met with, and to whom he had long devoted his affections.

"There," said Erina, not wishing to take his speeches seriously, yet not willing to apply them, "there I am very safe; for I never had my picture taken in my life: and therefore you must travel further on your search."

But the young lady had no chance in an encounter that bordered on the confines of the

little mischievous deity with his Lordship. He was versed in every turn of all the pretty playful missiles which are necessary to the steady Knight's progress. Erina had but just come into the arena. True, there was but very little difference in their age; there could not be half-a-year in his Lordship's favour: yet the climate, and the country, and, above all, the people, had given him a wisdom where the young lady had not a common knowledge. It was, in truth, the language of the country, in which from his childhood he had been nursed and educated; and a mere interchange of offences and defences, with the utmost prudence and caution on her part, were all in his favour; when at length they approached the house, and the lady wished for a cessation of the sportive warfare, and said—"I entreat, my Lord Wharton, that you will drop entirely this trifling kind of language."

He replied with the most respectful bow, which, as Major Roustane remarked to himself, clearly spoke volumes.—"You may be assured, Miss Harley, that I would not for the world make an intrusion of my very great respect for you. I will, at a word of yours, repress any sentiment that my heart may be anxious to give vent to, rather than in the smallest degree raise

your displeasure." And he then asked after their guest, Major Roustane, spoke in his praise, and said that he cautioned the ladies at the ball, particularly Lady Sarah Vane, who had greatly admired him, that as the account in the papers said he had left his heart behind him at Paris, they should take the greater care of his fascinations. This last remark was not lost on Erina: she mentally congratulated herself upon the prudence she had exercised, and was resolved to abide by the same conduct.

Mrs. Harley now joined them, and told Lord Wharton that Mr. Harley had taken a somewhat distant walk, and she did not expect him home very soon; yet she knew that he wished to speak to him.

Lord Wharton said that he was engaged to dinner at one of the Member's houses who gave the ball; that he dressed at Lord Vanessy's, and went with the family; and that he would call early the next day on Mr. Harley. His Lordship was not sorry for an excuse to come again to Mr. Harley's before he returned to town; and with all the ardour of youth upon his own sanguine temperament, was resolved to be yet more clearly understood by Erina, feeling at the same time, in spite of his own remarks, that he

had a dangerous rival in Major Roustane, who had the constant and most enviable of advantages—that of living in the same house with the adored fair-one.

Lord Wharton came the next day in his carriage, intending to proceed to town. Mr. Harley had a long conversation with him, chiefly upon the forged letter from his father, and the behaviour of the assumed Physician and the Signore. Lord Wharton could give no account of them, and knew not the names: he was sorry that they had escaped, and said that he would go himself to the different Police-offices, to enquire concerning them.

Mr. Harley, according to his own principles, had told his secret of the box concealed in the turret, to Mr. Sabine (and to his own wife, of course); and Sabine's opinion was, that Lord Wharton should be immediately informed of it; but that he should not be permitted to open the place, unless upon the Earl's death, or by the Earl's permission.

Of this, therefore, Mr. Harley, who had a great deference for Sabine's opinion, informed Lord Wharton; and that young nobleman acquiesced in Mr. Harley's decision upon the subject. He could not, as a sensible young man, do

otherwise; and, besides, he was very anxious to do every thing that might ingratiate him with that gentleman.—"However sacred or valuable the deposit may be, Mr. Harley," he said, "it cannot be in better custody than your own. I am obliged to you for thinking that I had some right to know of it; but I agree with you that at present I have no right to touch it; for whatever it is, it must have been put there by my father:—it might, indeed, have been an old case thrown in, as the readiest way to get rid of it. But as soon as I have a right, with your permission, Mr. Harley, I will open the place."

He staid some time in hopes to get a private interview with Erina; and he took some refreshment, on purpose to see the ladies. At length he obtained the opportunity, as a skilful General obtains it, by *making it* for his purpose: so, Erina going out of the room, he arose, said he would give some orders about his carriage, and overtaking her, begged one moment's conversation in the adjoining room.

"I am going to town, and *must* again very soon be off to Ireland. I know not that I shall be again at Field House."

"I am in great haste. Will your Lordship favour me at once with your commands?"

"Commands!—it is any thing but commands, Miss Harley; it is the most earnest entreaty and solicitation that you will not forget me in my absence; that you will permit me—since you are now in haste to leave me—that you will permit me to explain in writing——"

"There is nothing, my Lord, that to me can require any explanation. I beg you will not write to me."

"One moment more! Leaving you before I can really become known to you—before I can open and shew my heart—and now with a man, whose honourable accomplishments I wish not to deny——"

"Major Roustane is a very old acquaintance—from children."

"Oh, so much the more dangerous for me! Let me entreat you, Miss Harley! Will you but promise me another hearing?"

"You must excuse my leaving you, Lord Wharton;" and the young lady disappeared.

Lord Wharton now felt hurt; yet he buoyed himself up with the hope that there could be no repugnance—no decision. He gave his orders about his carriage, returned to Mr. and Mrs. Harley, made an engagement with Mr. Harley, to meet him in town next week, to be introduced to Mr. Elrington, and then took his leave.

CHAPTER III.

'Twas in the dreadful dead of dark midnight!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE second evening after the ball, the family of Mr. Harley were disposed to go to their beds very early. Mr. Harley usually had family prayers. The servants were called in; but the footman, the groom said, was not very well, and was already retired to his dormitory. Mr. Harley naturally supposed his indisposition arose from the fatigue of the evening of the ball.

Preparing to go up-stairs, Erina's little Italian greyhound, which slept at the bed-room door, was suddenly missing. It had been seen the last time that the footman went from the room; and Mr. Harley sent the groom in search of it into the garden and into the yard in vain; but as he insisted on its being found, and with Major Roustane was looking and calling for it loudly by name, "Ninon," the little dog answered from that part of the building where the men slept, and was speedily restored.

It may be supposed that the whole household was soon at rest: the first sleep is said to be the most powerful.

Between the hours of one and two, the family were all roused by the barking of the little animal. The moment Mr. Harley and the Major met in the corridor, it was evident that there were persons endeavouring to break into the house.

"Have you any pistols?" said the Major.

"Yes, but not loaded; nor can I readily find balls or powder."

"Have you swords or long staves?" asked the Major.

"One sword."

"We must defend the staircase," said the officer, "till the men-servants join us;" and he immediately desired the females of the family, who were all assembled, to bring out the chairs from the different rooms; and he fastened them, as well as the time would allow, by forcing their backs between the banisters, and entwining them together upon the staircases. This was but partly achieved before the men rushed into the house, to the number of five or six.

"Let the women all go into the strong-room," said Mr. Harley, "and lock the door upon themselves, while we parley with the men."

As they approached the staircase, Mr. Harley cried out—" I'll give you all the money in the house, which is about two hundred pounds, if you will go away peaceably."

" If not," said the Major, with his sword in his hand, and a chair that he was about to throw down in the other, " we will defend your coming up!" They were only answered by oaths, and by the men pushing forward. The Major now thrust the chair into the place intended, and caught up another. As he was in the act of placing this likewise, he saw a fellow rest his pistol upon the rail of the staircase, and take deliberate aim at him: he threw, therefore, the chair against him with his full strength. At the same moment there was a cry from the door of the strong-room—" Where is Erina?" The chair forcibly struck the man, baffled his aim, and sent him sprawling, while his pistol went off in the air. Instantly a deep shade of a human figure came across the staircase and the corridor, and directly a very loud and solemn vibration of a bell tolled along the vaulted roof!— Every foot paused; the assailants and defenders were struck as with the electric force!——Again the bell sounded and resounded, and every one of the robbers, conscious of the alarm to the whole neighbourhood, rushed down the stairs, and made

haste to escape.—Mr. Harley and Major Roustane looked up, and with much astonishment they saw a female figure almost suspended in the air.—" It is Erina!" cried Mrs. Harley.—The gentlemen rushed to her assistance; for she had mounted the uppermost balustrade, caught hold of the cornice of the ceiling, and made a spring at the gilded chain, to which formerly a cord had been affixed, that pulled the large bell upon the centre of the building! The bell still sounded, but her situation was very awfully critical. Her feet rested upon the sill of the large octagonal window that encircled the dome, and her right hand grasped the chain!—The spectators were in an agony of apprehension. Major Roustane now, with great danger, threw himself across the balustrades, to catch her, or prevent her fall, at his own certain detriment. Mr. Harley called for chairs; but Mrs. Harley recollecting the library-ladder, had descended with the maids for it, and she was soon rescued from her perilous station. Yet all this time the men-servants had not made their appearance; and Mr. Harley and Major Roustane, with their swords in their hands, and a small lantern, proceeded to look for them. But by this time the neighbours were roused by the loud and unusual tones of the bell, and the cheering voice of Reuben

was heard; and they found that he had one of the rogues in safe custody. Mr. Harley and the Major had to force open the servants' apartment, with the dreadful apprehension that they were both murdered; but they were agreeably disappointed in that particular—they were only bound, and soon released.

A large assemblage of the posse-comitatus of the village were now with Reuben and the prisoner; and a second party soon brought in another man, whom they had seized, with a cart, in a private back road which led to the house. The first man was he whom the Major had knocked down with a chair: he was lame, and his right arm was broken from the blow. A young surgeon and apothecary, who had just set up in the village, had been the first, with Reuben, to come to the alarm, and he stepped forward to examine the man's hurt. Every body was looking at the rogues. Mrs. Harley and Erina also wished to see them, and the company immediately made way for them. Presently one of the maid-servants, following Erina, cried out, "Oh, Miss Erina! your whole neck behind is covered with blood!" The attention, therefore, of every one, with the surgeon, was now directed to her. To the anxious questions of Mr. and Mrs. Harley and Major

Roustane she replied that she felt herself struck the moment the pistol went off, but she thought it was only a bit of the ceiling, and had not regarded it since.—"There is not the least danger," said the young surgeon, with great glee; "but there appears to be a bruise below it."

"That is a mark," said Erina, very quietly, "which was given me when I was a child in Ireland."

"Let me see it," said the fellow who was taken with the cart.

"You, you villain!" said Reuben; "see to yourself, that your neck does not get into a halter!"

"Perhaps I might tell you something about it," continued the man; "for I have marked many, and know all my own marks."—The young surgeon, having begun again to examine the wounded man, turned round to Mr. Harley, and said, "This man (meaning the one whose arm he was examining) seems inclined, Sir, to confess every thing."

"Oh!" said the cart-driver, "if it be confession you want, and that rogue be inclined to make it, you may as well have it from me, who only held the horse, and am the lesser rogue of the two."

"I think so," said Mr. Harley; "and are

you disposed, and will you promise to make a full and ample confession of every thing ?"

" I will," said the man, " if you will let me look at that mark on that young lady's neck ; for I have a very good reason for what I ask."

Mr. Harley now desired those of the company who pleased, to go with Reuben, to take some of his best beer; and afterwards dismissed all but the surgeon, Reuben, and four of the able-bodied men, whom he detained to take care of the prisoners, and watch through the night.

Mr. Rennell, the surgeon, having done every thing that was necessary for the wounded man, he and the watchers withdrew ; but Mr. Rennell and Mr. Reuben Parsloe remained with the cart-driver. —" I suppose you would like to have my confession before a magistrate in the morning," said the man ; " but you may as well take hold of your own groom, before he makes off."--He spoke too late : the moment the fellow heard something about confession, he had easily slipped away amid the confusion and darkness ; and it was in vain to look after him. The footman was present, still looking strange and indisposed.

" Have you any thing to say against this man ?" said Mr. Harley.

"No, Sir, except that he is a fool; and perhaps it is a lucky thing for him that he is."

"We can all answer," said Mr. Harley, "that there is no great news in telling us that."

"You had a night's row a little time ago, Sir, I believe?" continued the man.

"What, do you know any thing of my Doctor and the Signore?" asked Mr. Harley.

"Erina and myself," said Mrs. Harley, "have been remarking to one another that the wounded man is very much like the Signore."

"I believe you are right, lady," said the carter. "When the two fellows were turned out of your house, this Signore, having a good eye to a rogue, asked Jack Willis, your groom, to go with them to the public-house. He afterwards saw them in town, and planned with the party this attack. He has put away the great dog, and dosed his fellow-servant, and tied his arms in the night, and his own.—But I need not tell you any more, Sir, about him. Will you not let me see now the young lady's mark on her back? She said it was given her in Ireland when she was a child. I am a native of the poor dear Ireland. I have marked many nigh the time that her age must be; and I came over to England about one, to

see the great Counsellor, Lawyer Elrington—— Ah! it's he that has got me into this scrape."

"Mr. Elrington," exclaimed Mr. Harley, "got you into this scrape! That is impossible!—If you talk in this way, I shall not believe a word you say."

"It is very true, nevertheless, your Honour," continued the man, very coolly. "I came over for the purpose of seeing the Counsellor, and he was gone abroad: so then, all through that gentleman being abroad, I met with a friend who led me into this temptation."

"I think," said Mr. Harley, "that your last friend was rather more to blame than your first. You seem willing enough to fall into temptation; for if you had waited patiently a day or two, you would have seen Mr. Elrington, as he is expected home to-morrow. But go on, and make *me* your friend, and I'll promise to be a better one than the last."

"Your Honour knows Counsellor Elrington, then?" said the man. "Perhaps you have heard of his saving a poor little maid from being starved with cold and famine?—Now, if it were possible that this very fine, tall, handsome young woman should be—— But why not? where are finer and beautifuller young women than all over Ireland? —But if this should be that poor little creature!"

It is almost needless to say that a wonderful interest was excited in the mind of every one present. Mr. Harley gave him no clue; for he wished to have his unbiassed testimony. Mrs. Harley in the meantime had sufficiently exposed the back of our heroine for the man to see if he knew his own mark.

He examined it closely, and said—"I'd swear in every Court in his Majesty's dominions, that this is the child that the English gentleman took up off the dead body of Milly Maclene!—and my own name is Dennis Heaphy."

"You are right enough, my friend," said Mr. Harley. "Where she came from, we have always known: who she is, we want to know.—— Yet, stop a moment—first of all, I should wish it to be said to myself alone, because——"

"I won't deceive your Honour," said Dennis Heaphy; "but I *cannot* tell you who she is.—At one time, and for a long time, I thought I knew who she was, for I knew where she came from."

"At present," said Mr. Harley, "I wish you not to mention any names; with that caution, you may proceed."

"I have but little more to say, Sir. I had once told the Counsellor who she was; but now

I came over to England on purpose to say that she was not *their* child. You understand me, Sir; but I think I could put him or you in the way how to find it out."

"Very well," said Mr. Harley, "we'll hear more of this to-morrow morning. I need not tell *you*, who seem a bit of a lawyer, what the process will be to-morrow: all, therefore, I have to say to you is, stick to the truth."

"I will," said Dennis Heaphy. "I assure your Honour I think I am got into very honest and honourable hands, and if I could make my escape, I would not; for I believe it would not be to my interest to attempt it."

The men were now dismissed under safe custody. Mr. Rennell, having washed away the blood from Erina's neck, which was by no means so profuse as the maid-servant had expressed it, and covered the place with some gold-beater's skin and a handkerchief, wished the family a good night, and they retired for a few hours to their chambers.

Mr. Reuben Parsloe would not think of any rest. He took command of the watch; and, as preparatory to having his commands obeyed, gave refreshments to every body. The ci-devant Signore opened not his lips; but the other prisoner

would have had no objection to have told his whole history, and caroused and carolled till the morning, or till he was summoned about his own law-business: but Mr. Reuben made them all go to rest, or pretend to rest; at least, to hold their tongues. Thomas, the footman, had the least objection; for he was still under the effects of the opiate which his faithless fellow-servant had mixed with his supper-drink; and as for Mr. Parsloe and his four strict guards, they had had a fair repose and a sound sleep before the alarum summoned them.

CHAPTER IV.

Blackstone and Burn he long had known;
For many a year they had been his own.

THE sonorous bell on the top of Field House was adapted to the common use of a large and extensive mansion and domain, such as the building originally had been; and was yet better calculated to sound an alarum than a summons to dinner. It had therefore been disused for a long time, and a smaller one performed the office of announcing the most social hour of the day. It was the strong and massy gilt chain, which yet remained a handsome and conspicuous ornament in the centre of the dome, and to which the pull had been affixed, that our heroine had contrived to seize hold of; the attempt at the grasp of which, if she had failed to accomplish it, would have precipitated her in dreadful destruction to the tessellated area beneath.

Mrs. Harley's first idea in the morning was to fix a cord henceforth to this gilt chain; and so horrible in her mind was the idea of the scene of

the former evening—when Erina's life hung upon her retaining firm hold of this chain—that when, after breakfast, the family took a view of the spot, Mr. Reuben Parsloe, by her desire, had already suspended a handsome silk rope, which had been originally designed for the bell of a parlour.—We are shewn in Wales a very dangerous pass, so appallingly dangerous, that a man, who, in a fit of drunkenness, had walked over it with safety in the night, upon being conducted to the spot in the morning, and seeing in his sober moments the horrible dangers that he had escaped, his heart failed within him, and he dropped dead from the very thought of them. Here was the reaction upon the false courage of the drunkard; and it is no bad emblem of his whole life: for if he once clearly saw the graceless state of danger in which he lives, mere death itself would be a release to him.

Preparations were quickly made by the inhabitants of Field House to take the prisoners to the next magistrate. Mr. Harley had sent his carriage early in the morning to Doubletown for Mr. Sabine and a gentleman of the law. They were now arrived; and before they went to the magistrate, it was thought proper to have an interview with Dennis Heaphy, the carter of the

former evening; not only upon the occurrences of the night, but chiefly upon what he had said, and what he had to say, concerning Erina. He had little more to tell than that a rich booty was expected; and his cart was found completely furnished with such instruments as will most readily break down walls, as well as gain access into houses. A cabinet of Mr. Harley's, which he had removed from his dressing-room while the men of science sojourned there, he found had caught their attention; and a general plunder of the property, besides the treasure of treasures which was supposed to be contained within the four walls of the turret, was resolved upon. Dennis, wishing to keep himself out of mischief while he remained in England, till Mr. Elrington's return, had merely lent a hand, as an amateur, to oblige a friend, in taking the baggage department. The Signore was no foreigner, but a true-born Englishman; who had left London upon a most urgent plea, six years before, with a greater villain, his patron, who was a man of property, able to compensate the devoted services of his dependents. This gentleman (for such to the world was his estimation) became acquainted with the Earl of Kathemere, and had a few months ago lost his life in coming from a gambling house. The source of

the Signore's supplies thus became stopped; and he was looking out for some regular occupation in his own way, when Dr. Schiatari, a needy drug-compounder, who had been lately often about the person of Lord Kathemere, offered him the tempting adventure in which he was now involved.—The Doctor had been among the assailants, and had been the foremost to make his escape. But Dennis Heaphy was unable to give them the particulars of the origin of the former philosophical visit, or of the fabrication of the curious epistle from Lord Kathemere, which introduced to Mr. Harley that very eminent physician, Dr. Schiatari, and his learned friend Signore Buonarona, the accomplished scholar. That scholar, with his broken arm and lame leg, which was much swollen, was provided with a cart, to carry him to the house of the magistrate.

Upon the subject of Erina's history, Dennis Heaphy had little additional information to bestow. Upon that of his own, his garrulity was frequently checked, and brought back to the subject most interesting to the parties.

He told them that he had been born upon Lord Kathemere's Irish property, and occasionally employed about the house and grounds. He entered into many stories of the unprincipled

depravity of his Lordship and Sir Bedell Wharton, and their oppressions of the people, to whom Mr. Counsellor O'Halloran had been a very subservient agent. It was difficult to say against which of these three personages he entertained the highest animosity.—" If I could but get, your Honours, one fair honest shot at each of them, I would sit myself down comfortably for life, upon a potato and a drop of the dear creature once a week."

" What personal cause of hatred had you against them ?" said Mr. Carrol, the solicitor.

" Personal, your Honour ! Not one, or two, or three grievances; for example now—they all fell upon me once with their hunting-whips—I wish I'd had them singly—and I was glad to escape with a part of my skin. So, gemmen, when his Lordship went off to Italy, and Mr. Counsellor O'Halloran came to England, and Sir Bedell seduced my Lady away into foreign parts, I began to shew myself; and I got to London, and engaged myself as a groom to Colonel Crooklawn, who was just come home with his regiment.—' What, you are an Irishman,' said he; and I took good care to let him know enough of me--to tell him where that prime rogue was; and so we followed him; and I soon found Sir Bedell out, with the lady.

—We hit him; but he's got pretty well again, they say, and lives somewhere in France."

"But I wish to know," said Mr. Harley, "what you can tell me of the child whom Mr. Elrington picked up on the common."

"It was long after I was turned away from the Castle," said the man, "and after my Lord Kathemere had taken himself off, I wanted to be revenged on some of them; so I promised to marry Milly Maclene, if she would run away with Counsellor O'Halloran's child; and one evening she got off with it, when the family thought that the child was safe in bed; and we got them safely secreted in the mountains before the morning. All went on pretty well till the CLEARING came, the next year; and, after our stock was exhausted, we were forced to go off where we could. Your Honour knows how we were overtaken in that cold and stormy weather, how Milly perished, and Mr. Elrington took up the child."

"Which child you said at the time this Milly Maclene was the mother of."

"Your Honour sees that there was no good then in telling the truth."

"But what is all this but proof, as sound and

as good as your own word," replied Mr. Harley, "that it was, after all, the child of Mr. O'Halloran ?"

"Ah, so I thought at the time," said the man, "and for many years afterwards ; but old Moggy Maclene, who was father's stepmother to Milly Maclene, and who was never troubled, but has always lived upon the property, knows all about it."

"About what?" said Mr. Harley impatiently.

"She was nurse, and acted as midwife, with a foreign gentleman helping her."

"You mean," said the solicitor, "that she attended upon the foreign accoucheur during the delivery ?"

"Well, I know that she knows," said Dennis Heaphy, "something that she won't tell ; for she said to Bessy Heaphy, who was one of our kin—'When Dennis took off that slut and the child, he did no more than the Counsellor wished ; and when we swore before the Counsellor, and that old botherum, Justice Solivant, we did not swear for nothing.'—I asked Bessy what she had sworn ; but she could not tell, only that the Counsellor gave her and all the witnesses five shillings a-piece for their oaths."

"What, did they swear," said the lawyer, "and not know what they swore about?"

"I think it the best way of swearing, your Honour," said Dennis; "for then they had a fair chance of swearing the truth, if they did not know whether the thing was right or wrong."

"The odds, I should think," said Mr. Harley, "were in favour of wrong; but go on, Mr. Dennis Heaphy."

"I have nothing more to say, Sir," said Dennis, "but that if you or the Counsellor will give that cunning old witch, Moggy Maclene, more money for telling the secret than she receives for keeping it, you may have it when you like."

"This is coming to the point," said Mr. Sabine; "but our friend Mr. Elrington, and so will Mr. Carrol, tell us that purchasing a secret may be a kind of bribery: perhaps we shall get at it in a better way. I recollect, Mr. Harley, that the names which the communicative Mr. Dennis Heaphy has favoured us with, are very like those affixed to a certain paper about a certain oath."

Mr. Harley assented; and all the parties prepared to go before the magistrate.

Justice Budgett was the nearest magistrate;

and he had been some years in the Commission of the Peace. He had come into the country in the situation of clerk to a new banking concern, when banking was so very desirable. Two gentlemen of large landed property, not thirty miles from London, thought proper to set up a bank of their own: a London banker sent down Mr. Budgett to manage it. In a little while the principals thought, and not unwisely, that Mr. Budgett would feel an advanced interest in the concern, if he were admitted into partnership; and the firm became Rollins, Collings, and Budgett. It continued many years with good success. The original co-partners thought proper to speculate, in their way, in lands and houses, and even in establishing a Spa. Budgett himself was satisfied in getting a few hundreds, and in turning those hundreds into thousands; he rarely joined in their speculations, and never unsuccessfully. At length land began to get cheaper, and houses more plentiful, and the Spa did not increase in fashion. Budgett called a meeting of his partners, laid the accounts before them, and the value of lands and houses, and earnestly advised a winding-up of all doubtful matters, as they valued their old family houses and lands. They freely followed his advice; every thing was adjusted in the course of three years,

and they retired from the concern not two thousand pounds richer or poorer than when they commenced it. He had some time before been put, by their interest, into the Commission of the Peace, for the convenience of their acting together in cases where it required more than one magistrate; and they, now retiring to their several estates, left him to the circle of all his honours alone. He afterwards left the banking concern, and acted only, for dignity-sake, as a Justice.

Now the most remarkable feature of Mr. Budgett's character was this:—that steady and successful as he had ever been as a man of business, he was, out of his own business, as great a dunce as one of his own ploughmen. He never could assume the manners or even address of a gentleman. He never could distinguish a cart-horse from a racer, or a mongrel from a sporting dog. His ignorance of politics was so gross, that after Mr. Pitt was out of office, he would have been puzzled at any time to have been required to tell the Prime Minister's name, or the bearing in the points of the compass towards France, Spain, or Ireland. He once said, in a large company, that he had met a gentleman in the morning, who had told him the greatest "falsity" he had ever heard in his whole life; for he had said

that London was nearer to France than to Scotland!—He once went to a Public Ball and Supper, given on account of the Peace; and in the course of the evening he asked the greatest dandy in the room—"Pray, Sir, be you the waiter?" It is scarcely necessary to say that he knew no art, science, or language; nor was he interested in any sport or recreation, except music. Some one said, "Where is it possible this Justice Budgett can have come from?" and another answered, "From the uttermost parts of the earth;" and, indeed, nobody ever seemed interested upon the question; but the joke alluded to the idea of his coming from Cornwall. He now gave splendid dinners, was visited by, and did visit the neighbouring gentry; and was wondered at, laughed at, abused, and envied, by almost every Squire in the country; for he had four thousand a-year landed property, free and unencumbered; and he had his porter's lodge, his gamekeeper's lodge, and his preserves, hot-houses, and green-houses, superior to most men.—I have unintentionally digressed upon his history. A London counting-house seemed to have been his natural destiny; but his fortune took him down to a country town, and in a freak made a rich country Squire of him. He had at this time been Sheriff for the County, and had

given splendid entertainments to Members of both Houses of Parliament, and the most learned members of the professions; and though he had for years had so many advantages of polished life, and spoke no language but his own, yet even this he could not speak or write with the least elegance or precision.

To *his* Worship Mr. Harley now brought his prisoners, and told his story.—"You see now, my neighbour Mr. Harley, that I don't like this here doing business upon these here matters, unless it be—— Oh, Mr. Sabine, how do you do? We shall get on very well!——Oh, Mr. Carrol, is it you?—I beg ye pardon: why you, you know, is as well as another of us Justices; so then we'll soon settle this here business.—Here, you, Sir!" speaking to the Signore, "what be your name, I say, you fellow?"

The man made no reply. He had before refused to answer any question, and had been resolutely silent since the alleged willingness to make a confession on the foregoing evening.

These things were told his Worship.

"Well, Mr. Carroll, what say you? Is there no means to make him speak?—Let me see."

"As his offence is clearly sworn to, you have nothing to do but to commit him."

"Very well, very well; look at these papers —be so kind—you understand these matters:— make out his committance. You being here, I couldn't make you wait while I sent for our clerk. ——And this other man?"

"We make no charge against him," said Mr. Carrol. "He was found on the premises, in a suspicious situation; but he comes forward of his own accord, and will turn King's evidence against this other silent man."

"Very well—very good—very right," said the Justice; "this is all as it should be, Mr. Sabine, Mr. Harley, and——" looking enquiringly at Major Roustane.

"Major Roustane, a friend of mine," said Mr Harley; "a Swiss officer in the French service, who was last night present."

"Yes; in the French service, during the French Revolution?—You are welcome, Major, to old England. If you are fond of shooting, my gamekeeper shall shew you a day's sport:— very happy to oblige my neighbour Harley here."

"I am very much obliged to your Worship," said the Major; "but I know not how short my stay may be in England."

"Please, Sir," said his Worship, "do ye think the present family, King Louis's, will stay long upon the throne?"

The Major looked astonished at the question, and answered strongly in the affirmative.

The conversation now returned to the business of the day; and Dennis Heaphy's testimony being taken, he was left at large, Mr. Harley being bound to prosecute the grand felon, and the other to give his witness.

The business with his Worship was soon settled, and they left the place.—"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Harley, "how our friend Justice Budgett could get a hundred thousand pounds in the last thirty years!"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Sabine. "He never runs a risk. Ignorant himself, he has the art of knowing who they are that do know. If Mr. Carrol had not been with us, he would have taken us to the next town, and under the eye of his own clerk and lawyer done the business. His prudence amply balances all his deficiencies. Again, he is civil to every body when it can serve his interest. During the time of his partnership, no man could be so abused by others as he was at times by Messrs. Rollins and Collings.

He always bore it patiently; and when things took a more favourable turn for them, gently reminded them:—then they were profuse in their apologies; and these also, at other times, he took good care not to forget."

"But what shall we do with our friend Dennis Heaphy?" said Mr. Harley.

"I have been thinking of him," said Mr. Sabine.——"Dennis, you shall go with me to Doubletown, and lodge with a countryman of your own, who is a constable in our town, and keeps a very steady public-house. He will take good care of you, and tell you where to find a Roman Catholic priest, if you have any wish for his services. Thomas Macqueen is so steady a man, that the great London bruisers, when they go into training, come and put themselves under his care. Here, Dennis, you can be found at a moment, if Mr. Harley or Mr. Elrington should have any need of your presence."

With this arrangement all parties were well pleased; and Dennis was enjoined to give what further intelligence he was able to Mr. Sabine and the Irish gentleman to whom he was to be introduced, that the rest of the robbers might be apprehended, particularly that eminent Phy-

sician, Doctor Schiatari ; and he also was to hold himself in readiness to accompany Mr. Harley on the morrow, to call on Mr. Elrington. Mr. Harley had promised Lord Wharton to meet him the same morning, and, according to his Lordship's wishes, introduce him to the Barrister.

CHAPTER V.

"If you can't untie it, cut it."—*Alexander the Great.*

THE next morning Dennis Heaphy, under the guidance of his new friend and countryman, Thomas Macqueen, went off by the coach to town, to meet Mr. Harley at Mr. Elrington's.

Mr. Harley called on Lord Wharton; and they proceeded together to Mr. Elrington's house, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn.

They found Mr. Elrington had returned the day before from his late visit to Lady Kathemere at the convent in Switzerland. Lord Wharton was introduced to him. Lord Wharton enquired very feelingly concerning the health of his mother.

"I have to inform you, my Lord," said Mr. Elrington, with great solemnity, and no little agitation, "that her bodily health is at this time very much influenced by the state of her mind. A subject of the greatest import, as it concerns the Countess and yourself, has at all times occa-

sioned great distress to her; it is now strengthened and renewed. It might not perhaps be considered by the world a prudent measure in me, as a lawyer, and her confidant and adviser, to enter *privately* with you upon the subject; but I have heard you spoken of with such high traits of honourable sense, that I will break through those forms, of which secrecy might for a little while make an advantage, and at once disclose to you the state of the affair, with all its embryo proofs and suspicions.—Will you do me the favour, Sir, to come with me to my study? Our friend, Mr. Harley, must excuse our thus abruptly leaving him; for it is a subject of which he himself, my dearest friend and kindest relative, has not yet had the remotest suspicion."

The gentlemen retired; and Mr. Harley having expressed his astonishment in the longest half-suppressed whistle—"Whew!!!"—that he ever gave utterance to, went into the other parlour to Mrs. Elrington and the children.

Here he remained for nearly the space of two hours, when Mr. Elrington, evidently flurried, entered the room, and merely said—"Sir, your friend, Lord Wharton, wishes to shake hands with you before he goes away."

Mr. Harley went into the next room. Lord Wharton could scarcely speak to him.—"Mr.

Elrington will soon tell you, Mr. Harley, what has passed between us. God bless you!"—and he held his hand as he spake, with great firmness, through agitation.—"I thank you from my heart for the many civilities I have received from you. I feel them *personally*, I assure you, not as Lord Wharton. It will be long before we shall meet again as we have met—perhaps never. I am going immediately to Sir Timothy O'Halloran, who is I know at Sir John Cummings's. I shall call in my way at your house. Have you any commands?"

"No, my Lord," said Mr. Harley; "I return to-morrow morning; but your language, though I do not understand its full import, affects me much. Whatever it may be, I am glad there is not any misunderstanding between you and my kinsman."

"Not any misunderstanding, Mr. Harley!" rejoined his Lordship; "there is the greatest *misunderstanding* that can possibly exist!—Mr. Elrington and myself are at issue upon the dearest point of my worldly rank and station. He has been candid, I confess; but let him beware:—his character is now at stake!—and all the testimony he adduces, is that of the lowest and vilest of people.—Good morning! God be with

you and yours!"—And he rushed out of the house without another word, evidently suppressing the strongest feelings of his nature.

Without delay his Lordship hastened to his hotel, and ordered four post-horses to his carriage, and set off. Yet anxious as he was to have some explanation upon the statements that Mr. Elrington had made to him, from Sir Timothy, who could alone give them, he drove first of all to Field House, being yet more earnest to have another interview with Erina.

He got out of his carriage on the other side of the church, without entering the village, being totally disqualified, from the state of his mind, from conversing at his usual ease with any of his former acquaintance.

As he crossed into the avenue, he met Erina with Major Roustane.

His Lordship had now in a great degree recovered himself; but a haughty and suspicious air might have been easily observed towards the Major, while the utmost deference marked his behaviour towards the lady. He spoke not of Mr. Harley or Mr. Elrington till they entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Harley sat, in her easy and quiet way, at some useful occupation, and already dressed for dinner.

After common civilities, Mrs. Harley said—"Erina, you are late, my child."

"I must beg your pardon, Mrs. Harley," said Lord Wharton, interrupting her; "but I come immediately from a conversation of the highest import with Mr. Harley, which induces me to beg the favour of a few minutes' conversation with Miss Harley."

"Will not your Lordship stay and partake of our dinner?" said Mrs. Harley.

"You oblige me," replied his Lordship; "but I have not a moment to spare. Will Miss Harley favour me with this interview, the urgency of which arises from communications which I have just received from her friend, Mr. Elrington?"

This could not be declined; and Erina walked into Mr. Harley's breakfast-room, followed by Lord Wharton. His Lordship began the conversation by bespeaking her attention for a few minutes—and it was indeed his intention at the moment not longer to detain her; but his ardour and his feelings could not subside, till he had made every attempt to prove the faithfulness, the disinterestedness of his passion for her, from the first instant that he saw her, to the present critical period, when both their fates, and

the harmony and happiness of their friends and connections were interested in her decision upon his offer. He endeavoured to baffle her refusal, by every argument in his power, to give a glimpse, the smallest opening of hope;—to leave it as a future question, and to rest upon the purity of his honour, and the propriety of his conduct, as farther information might bring his character to light—as future behaviour might present it before her.

In vain! Decisively, yet kindly she spoke; temperately, but without a beam of hope. Half-an-hour had now passed: she had heard the whole that he could offer; and respectfully he made his parting bow: but all the agonizing feelings that he had suppressed, were again in a state of agitation, as Major Roustane, now dressed for the period of dinner, came forward, and again asked if he would dine with them, or permit the servant to go for his carriage. This he declined. But as Erina entered the drawing-room, and the door opened, he said—"Will you wait for me, Major Roustane?" and, bowing low to Mrs. Harley, and dropping her hand without a word, he joined him in the hall, and said—"Major Roustane, I shall walk across the fields; I have ordered the carriage to wait for me. Will

you favour me for a few minutes with your company?"

They walked away together, very amicably in all appearance, arm-in-arm; and very trifling was the conversation till they had passed the church: then Lord Wharton commenced the interesting theme.

Lord Wharton—You are not ignorant, Major Roustane, of my pretensions to the favour of Miss Harley?

Major Roustane—I am ignorant of every thing of the kind, except the attentions of the last three or four days.

Lord Wharton—Then, Sir, I should wish to inform you of them, and to hope that there will be no interference on your own part in any respect hostile to them.

Major Roustane—Do you mean by *hostility*, Sir, if I have any of my own?

Lord Wharton—You meet my enquiry.

Major Roustane—Then I must say, my Lord, that your enquiry is an intrusion, which you have no right to make on my sentiments; and I shall enter into no engagement with you, as it concerns my own conduct.

Lord Wharton—I consider you, Major Roustane, as very lately engaged in *another*

affair of a similar kind, which, upon every point of honour, should be a restraint to you here. Yet I find you building upon long intimacy, and the knowledge of children, a kind of interest that may be injurious to me, from my absence, and your opportunities.

Major Roustane—*My* late or *my* present affair, if it be in either case mine, is in my own breast. Your Lordship has no right to put my *honour* to the question, or to speculate upon my conduct; and I shall wish your Lordship a good morning.

Lord Wharton—No doubt, Sir, you are sufficiently elated with your former triumph—not much to boast of, Sir, from the time of life, or skill of your opponent.—I know his qualifications very well. But I beg, Major Roustane, that you will not leave me without some determination between us; unless you think that a young man, brought up in Italy, and who professes *even there* to have some knowledge of the small sword, is likely to prove a more dangerous assailant.

Major Roustane—I neither think nor care, my Lord, upon that point.

Lord Wharton—Will you give me the more pleasurable satisfaction of renouncing any pretensions to the hand of Miss Harley?

Major Roustane—I wish, my Lord, I *had* pretensions, not a power on earth should make me resign them. I wish to leave you in peace, but not under the idea that Miss Harley is indifferent to me upon the dearest point that a man can feel.

Lord Wharton—And can you believe, Major Roustane, that I will leave you established in the family with all advantages?—triumphant already upon a similar point—with a yet more lovely object before you (whoever the former may have been) to tempt you to every art and subtilty, that you may shake off the one, and obtain the other? No, Sir; either give me the assurance of a gentleman, or the satisfaction of a man!

Major Roustane—You have no right to demand, Sir, either the one or the other; but I will desire a friend to wait on your's.

Lord Wharton—My rights, Major Roustane, are not built upon your opinion. Your subterfuge of a friend I despise! Your residence here is mysterious—it is suspicious.—I came prepared —I have a case of swords in my carriage—twin rapiers!—Take your choice—I have no time to bandy speeches; nor will I be manœuvred by the pretence of fighting hereafter by rule:—indeed, I never wish to involve *friends*.

The case seemed inevitable to the Major. He was not disposed to receive greater insult; and he had not resolution abruptly to leave the spot. He suffered Lord Wharton to approach the carriage, and take the swords out of the case; and, having spoken to the servants, came up to him, offered him his choice, and retired with him behind a large barn.

Without another word, they drew, and assaulted each other. Major Roustane, taking the first opening, struck with the utmost violence the weapon of his adversary, and it flew out of his hand!

"I did not expect from you," said Lord Wharton, very doggedly, "this mere effort of strength. Well, Sir, what do you expect from your advantage?"

"Not your Lordship's sword," said the other, "which I beg you'll take again. It is, I allow, a mere effort of strength. The strength of my age is my advantage over you."

"To a man forewarned you would not find it so easy a second time," said his Lordship; "but I cannot press it now, if your own honourable sense will not at once allow it."

Major Roustane felt not a little irritated at his pertinacity, and merely said—"Be it as you

please, my Lord:" and again the contest proceeded.

It was evident in a few moments that this was a trial of skill rather than the remains of violent animosity; and Major Roustane slipping, his opponent forbore any attempt of taking advantage, and said—"Now, Major Roustane, we are rather more upon a par." But still no lunge was made on either side, that could have had a fatal termination.

"This is child's play," said Lord Wharton, dropping the point of his sword; "and I hope you are convinced, Major Roustane, that it is as much so *now* on my part as your own. You have disarmed me by your courtesy, more than by your strength and your courage. I resign all hostility towards you, and, I am sure you are convinced, all animosity." They shook hands simultaneously, and warmly from the immediate impulse of the heart.

"Now, my Lord," said the Major, "I think it proper to inform you that the Paris affair is no concern of my own—it was the honour of a friend that was at stake; and in his absence I felt myself called upon to speak and to act as you have heard. And further, my Lord, let me add, that, with all the recollections of my early youth, and

yet more of my residence here six years ago, which have never been absent from my mind, I came over to England on purpose to see if there was any prospect of embodying my hopes, before I visited my own country, and perhaps left England for ever. And I will tell you candidly, my Lord, I have met with nothing on which I can build hope; but, on the contrary, a woful disappointment upon these points, on which I vainly fancied to erect my superstructure, from all the brotherly habits of freedom, and the earliest intimacy, and childish affection: all are dissolved down into the kindness of long acquaintance, blended with the female reserve of the rising woman."

"Your confidence," said Lord Wharton, feelingly, "shall not be misplaced; and I will repay it you in kind. I have just had an interview—almost one of despair. I loved Erina, Sir, before I ever saw her. Look at this, Sir——" and he shewed Major Roustane the picture which he had before shewn to Mr. Harley.—"This was painted before Erina could have been born, and I never saw the person for whom it was intended.—What then must have been my sensations when I discovered in a country girl, walking alone, and dressed for all weathers (for such was the appear-

ance of Miss Harley when I first had a view of her face), the exact resemblance of this portrait? —I need not tell you how devoted I felt to her. I need not particularize how unceasingly and urgently I have opened my heart, and prosecuted my suit. I have been repulsed on every point!— Now, Major Roustane, I have a secret, if not of a higher, of a more awful import, to impart to you: it cannot long be hid from any one. My fortune and my fate, my rank and state in society are (I have this morning been informed of such particulars as have yet come to light) involved in hers. If she would accept of my devoirs, every thing would of course be most amicably and satisfactorily arranged; but Mr. Harley will soon tell you the particulars. Can you wonder, then, that I have made one strong and, I am not apt to despond, final effort, I fear?—Can you wonder at the irritation of my mind, when I fancy that you are the person most hostile to my success? —for I cannot but fancy that I perceive, through all her reserve towards you, a concealed attachment!—It may be the visionary fancy of the green-eyed monster; but you cannot be ignorant that the suspicions upon your Parisian affair must be as credible in her mind, and that of Mr. and Mrs. Harley's, as my own."

"I am very much obliged by your confidence," said Major Roustane; "and hope that whatever the fortune or fate may be of which you speak, you will ever henceforth look upon me as your friend: again I offer you my hand as a pledge of my heart. Now I confess to you, my Lord, that there has been some little policy in not telling our friends here of my actual situation in Paris. My real object in coming here I was afraid would have been too apparent. I was anxious—yet more so when I saw my young friend's rapid approaches to womanhood—to replace myself in my former friendly state, before I professed myself the lover. I told Mr. Harley, indeed, the particulars of the business; but I then refrained, as I must now to you, because I could not make a full communication."

"I will detain you no longer from the ladies," said Lord Wharton. "You will hear, as soon as Mr. Harley returns, what the subject is to which I allude; and perhaps you will then be yet more favourably disposed to make allowances for the state of irritation in which I have met you this morning."

During the latter part of the conversation, the gentlemen were walking slowly together towards the carriage, when the groom came up.—"Sir

Timothy O'Halloran's carriage, my Lord, has just turned into the London road from the cross-road above."

"Then tell the drivers to follow, and overtake it as quickly as possible."

The gentlemen again shook hands; and some trifling remarks passed before the servants concerning the rapiers, as if they had been merely making trial of them; and Lord Wharton proceeded after Sir Timothy, and Major Roustane returned to Field House.

CHAPTER VI.

Honesty is the best policy, even in love-matters.

THE dinner had been waiting some time when Major Roustane returned to Field House. He apologized; and every thing passed on as usual.

After dinner, when the ladies arose to retire to the drawing-room, and he attended them to the door, Mrs. Harley said—"I have something to say to Major Roustane, Erina, and I will follow you presently."—Mrs. Harley then seated herself in Erina's chair, which was between her own and Major Roustane's, and began—"I suspect, Major Roustane, that there is some misunderstanding between Lord Wharton and yourself.—You are not so intimate, nor is it so long since you have seen one another, that you should walk a mile or two with him in your present dress, and at the dinner-hour: I need not add the suppressed haste with which you returned to us."

"I am very much obliged to you, Ma'am,"

replied the Major, "for your remark, which is in all points correct, as I have the opportunity of informing you that such misunderstanding is no more."

"I am very glad to hear it," continued Mrs. Harley; "but I must now ask you another question—Was not that misunderstanding concerning Erina?"

"I confess it was, Ma'am," answered Major Roustane; "but with the utmost respect and deference towards the young lady."

"It could not be otherwise," said Mrs. Harley, somewhat proudly; "but such misunderstanding ought never to have occurred. You are an engaged man: of course, you told Lord Wharton such particulars as satisfied him, that, however hopeless his own case is, there was no rivalry on your part?—As you assure me that there is an amicable understanding between you now, I will not add that you ought to have seen sooner his bearing towards you."

"I trust, Ma'am," Major Roustane replied, "that Lord Wharton is convinced that I could not sooner explain myself to him. I own, my dear Madam, that I am not so well satisfied, in that I have not been more communicative to yourself and Mr. Harley; but as you have

favoured me with this opportunity, I will without reserve state to you my situation. Before the affair occurred at Paris, I had purposed to leave the French service, according to the knowledge and approval of my friend, General Souvendre; but I never could have retired to distant scenes and hopes, without again seeing Miss Erina Harley. This was the real motive that brought me to England. The French affair drove me suddenly from Paris; but I am not the principal: I acted as the agent of a friend, unavoidably absent in Italy. I have very little personal knowledge of the young lady whose reputation I defended. I might have said this to you and Mr. Harley before, though other parts of the lady's history are still secret; but I wished, first of all, to renew my acquaintance with Miss Erina, divested of that distance and reserve which often attend a perfectly free man, and in the case of married men, and men supposed to be engaged, which are often dispensed with."

"I trust," said Mrs. Harley, "that whatever finesse you or any other gentleman may think it *prudent* to adopt towards my dear girl, it will be baffled by her general conduct, without any effort on her part. I am very much deceived in Erina, if she should ever prove one of those

weak young ladies, who admire this or that young man, and fancy themselves in love, and offer encouragement to any one's addresses by receiving attentions with peculiar interest and anxiety. I don't mean the familiarity of intimacy, friendship, and long and well-tried acquaintance; but those fits and starts of susceptibility, those distinguishing penseroso and allegro agitations, which I never see without disgust, and should feel shame if I ever perceived the shadow of them in Erina."

"Miss Erina, Ma'am," proceeded the young officer, "is in my mind as much superior in manners, as in mind and person, to any *young* lady that I have seen; and I can only acknowledge my presumption, but I shall never lament it; and however futile and weak my hopes may be, when I leave you, the very remembrance of them, my feelings towards her in my boyhood and her childhood, in my early manhood and her opening graces, will be the most pleasing vision to my heart and soul."

Mrs. Harley smiled.—"This is rather lost upon me, Major Roustane; for you cannot suppose that I shall repeat it to Erina."

"I earnestly entreat you, Ma'am," continued the Major, "if you have any favourable opinion

of me yourself, to explain to Miss Erina my situation. I purpose leaving your hospitable table as soon as Mr. Harley returns; and as I expect favourable news from Paris in a few days, I shall stay in town till my departure to France. I know it is improper that, since I have made this declaration, I should remain with you any longer; yet I should have been very miserable to have gone away, and left Miss Harley in ignorance of my situation, and, permit me to add, of my feelings towards her."

"As to those feelings you talk of, Major Roustane," said Mrs. Harley, "I can only generally allude to them. Erina's age, her station, her prospects, are all at present such as totally preclude the least engagement, or even consideration upon the subject."

"I confess, Ma'am," said the Major, "more and more obstacles arise. When I considered my own parentage and prospects, and Miss Erina as the unknown child of Fortune, our station was not very dissimilar; though in all other respects I feel my conscious inferiority. But Lord Wharton, in a communication to-day, *since* the amicable adjustment of our little misunderstanding, has raised the most alarming worldly obstacles between us."

"What could Lord Wharton have said?" asked Mrs. Harley.

Major Roustane answered, "He said, Ma'am, that he had a secret to impart to me that could not be long concealed from any, as it concerned his fortune, fate, rank, and station in life; and that he had that morning been informed of some particulars, which involved his prospects in those of Miss Erina; and that if she had accepted his devoirs, every thing, he thought, would have been satisfactorily arranged. Lord Wharton added that Mr. Harley, when he returned, would explain every thing."

"Then we must patiently wait till his return," said Mrs. Harley. "I don't think I need trouble you any farther; but we shall be happy to see you, as soon as you please, in the drawing-room."

Nothing further occurred till Mr. Harley's arrival the next day. He then informed them that Major Trolloppe had long had suspicions, which were lately confirmed, that Lord Wharton was not the son of the Earl of Kathemere; and Lady Kathemere's testimony being unfavourable to his Lordship, her Ladyship was come over to England with Mr. Elrington; and the suit, on

the part of Major Trolloppe, would be prosecuted immediately."

"And how does this concern our dear Erina?" said Mrs. Harley.

Mr. Harley turned round to Erina, and, taking her hand, said—"You know, my dear, we thought it unnecessary to tell you who were your supposed parents; because they completely disowned you as their child, and you yourself had no wish to hear their names. It is now proper you should be informed that Sir Timothy and Lady O'Halloran were the persons then mentioned. The evidence now tends to shew that you were the child of Lady Kathemere; and as a female could not inherit the large Irish property, Mr. O'Halloran's son, now called Lord Wharton, was substituted in your place, and you were brought up as the child of Mr. O'Halloran, till that child was carried away by Milly Maclene. The particulars that followed you know already. But, my dear Erina, Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran shewed to your friend Mr. Elrington, documents attested by many witnesses, that their child, the alleged child of Lady Kathemere, died in its infancy. The truth upon all these points will most probably be elicited in a regular Court of Justice."

"And though I should be very happy, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Harley, my more than any parents ever can be to me," said Erina, "to have the strange question of my birth set at rest, I have not the smallest wish, as it concerns myself, to make any change in my situation. I never can be happier than I have been: I never wish to be removed from you."

"Of one thing you may be assured, Erina," said Mrs. Harley, "that our friend Mr. Elrington will undertake nothing rashly."

"Nor does it necessarily follow," remarked Mr. Harley, "that, because Lord Wharton proves not to be the son of Lady Kathemere, Erina is her daughter; or that, because Lord Wharton establishes his rank, you are the daughter of Sir Timothy."

"In any case," said Erina, smiling, "I think I shall escape being the daughter of Sir Timothy O'Halloran."

At this conversation Major Roustane was an auditor; but every view of the prospects now opening before Erina seemed to remove her farther from him.

He soon afterwards intimated to Mr. Harley that he purposed leaving him, and going to town the next day; and a conversation ensued in some

respects similar to the one that had lately passed between himself and Mrs. Harley. Yet Mr. Harley, with that frankness which always marked his character, said—"I don't mean entirely to part with you, because you are going to town. Come down again, and see us before you leave London; and remember, Roberte (for Roberte you must ever be to me), that when you go out of the French army, and intend to settle, as you call it, in Switzerland, you come over again —it is but a step, you know—and take your leave, and see how this business ends, and how we are going on, before this final settlement takes place."

No conversation of any interesting nature took place during the evening between Major Roustane and Erina.

In the morning, after breakfast, when he proposed to depart, Erina said, rising from her chair, and giving him her hand—"Good morning, Major Roustane: I am going into the village, and shall not see you again before your departure for town; but I am very glad to hear from Mr. Harley that you have promised to come and see us before you return to France."

Major Roustane could not readily give vent to words: he still held her hand in both his, and

with the greatest respect applied it to his lips.—"I hope, Miss Harley, that you, as well as my old and dear friends here, will believe that the remembrance of all your kind notice of me can never be effaced from my heart.—My letters from Paris this morning are very pleasant: the very nobleman whom I had the misfortune to wound, has been most eager to exonerate me from blame, and to take it upon himself: he has even gone so far as to say, that if he had received the same provocation as myself, he would have drawn his sword in the King's presence."

Erina took her leave as Mr. Harley was saying—"Don't trouble to write when you can come to us; there is your old room ready for you in five minutes' time."

Mr. Elrington called upon them the next day, with a gentleman of the law, on the part of Government, who was going to the County prison, to see the man whom we have known as the Signore Buonarona, to claim him as a notorious outlaw and a murderer. He proved to be the person suspected, and was carried off to Newgate, to be immediately tried at the Old Bailey.

But Mr. Elrington came on purpose to inform them that he had received a line that

morning from Lord Wharton, with the undoubted intelligence that the Earl of Kathemere was no more. He had died at Rome; and Lord Wharton wished to send a trusty person, with the consent of Mr. Elrington, over to Rome, to take care of his effects—to wait the issue of the intended trial.

This handsome and very honourable conduct on the part of Lord Wharton had met with a ready acquiescence on Mr. Elrington's part, in leaving the whole management to Lord Wharton. It was determined that Dennis Heaphy with Thomas Macqueen should go over to Ireland with a letter to Mr. Fielder, of the Police; and should afterwards proceed to Pon-tyrone Castle and its neighbourhood, in search of witnesses, if possible farther to identify Erina as being the child taken away by Milly Maclene, the supposed daughter of Counsellor O'Halloran.

No farther discovery had taken place concerning the robbers who had attacked Mr. Harley's house. Nothing could induce Dennis Heaphy to give up the friend, who, in the time of his need, had helped him to the job of carter in the affair, though it had turned out so unluckily for the assailants. Lady Kathemere had been now some time in England. The Physician to the Convent

del Sante Monte was not yet arrived: his name was Dr. Pallatier. Mr. Elrington had expected him for some days; and, as the period for the trial approached, he was resolved to send over a confidential person, because the Doctor's evidence was of the utmost consequence; for it was the discovery of this person by Lady Kathemere that had induced Mr. Elrington at this time to bring on the cause.

In the midst of all these occurrences, what were the thoughts, what were the sensations of Erina!—If craniology be a most contemptible science, perhaps physiognomy is a very deceptive one; but there is another, *pathognomy*, in which an adept will put the most devotive truth; and in which our old acquaintance, Mrs. Clements, was perhaps as deeply skilled as Mr. Harley, Mr. Elrington, Mr. Sabine, or any of the higher or lower gentlemen of the law; for that profession excels all other professions in this science, from the vigilant Judge upon the Bench, to the active investigator of a theft or a robbery.

One morning, Mrs. Clements having heard all the rumours afloat, as they concerned the property and persons in the neighbourhood, of love, wealth, and ambition, and as they all referred to

the heroine of my history, thus commenced her scientific investigations upon the subject.

Mrs. Clements—I don't know, Miss Erina, how far I may venture to congratulate you upon all the strange reports among us.

Erina—Nor I either, Mrs. Clements, till a Court of Justice brings to the test what is true and what is otherwise.

"Surely, Miss, but some young ladies would think it a very serious thing to have two such devoted admirers as my Lord Wharton——I suppose, Miss, it is proper I should call him so at present?"

"Certainly," said Erina.

"And that very gentlemanly—— though he is a foreigner—but then they say the Swiss are just like the English, and I am sure nobody would know Major Roustane was not one of His Majesty's subjects——I say, Miss Erina, two such handsome admirers, and generous and good gentlemen, every body must allow—and one involved in an affair at Paris, and the other the very person who opposes yourself—it is all, I say, enough to puzzle any body!"

"It has much puzzled you, Mrs. Clements, it is clear enough; but perhaps, after all, I may

know some things that you do not upon the business, that make me pretty easy upon the subject."

"I am very happy, Miss Erina, to see you keep up your spirits upon the occasion. I assure you I wish to know nothing but for your good; and though I hear every thing, and talk about every thing, I only wish to turn it that it may do you good."

"So I believe, Mrs. Clements. And now I will tell you that the affair of Major Roustane is settled; and that the dispute concerning a French lady was not on his own account, but that of a particular absent friend. So whatever I may think of him, I cannot accuse him of any duplicity; and as to Lord Wharton, his conduct has always been the most honourable and respectable; and, whatever others may have done, no deception is by any one alleged against him."

"Well, I am so glad," said Mrs. Clements, "to hear this of both the gentlemen; and perhaps, Miss, I can tell you something:—they had a fight about you behind the great hayricks on the other side the churchyard. But they settled it all in a friendly way; though I am told Lord Wharton gave up all hopes."

"And the Major," said Erina, "returns to France next week."

"But is it for good, Miss Erina?—is it for good? I don't think it is, unless you are very cruel indeed. You are very close, Miss Erina; but so much the better: yet let me tell you, you may go far and wide, and become a Countess or a Duchess, and never again—never again meet with such a man as this Major Roustane. I have watched him pretty closely, and all for your sake, my dear Miss Erina; and I believe I may say of him to you—let him go where he will, to France or to Switzerland—as it is said in the Bible, "Sit still, my daughter, for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing."

CHAPTER VII.

Throw wide the tablet! roll the volume back!

THERE are few affairs in the world that do not at times require a clearing-up. I don't like the word, for it reminds me of the Irish Clearings; when the natives of the soil, for want of wholesome laws, are forcibly turned away from the places of their birth, and sent forth to be slaughtered by hunger, cold, and disease. They suffer the penalty of Cain, and are made outcasts and vagabonds at the caprice of any tyrants—men who commit Cain's crime, and ought to be the sufferers.

While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms!—a garden! and a grave!

But mine is an Irish story; it has its origin from a *Clearing* that took place in one of its finest provinces, and my heroine was one of those few children that are, by *individual* charity, rescued

from misery and famine. Clearing!—yes, there will be a re-clearing day—a day of retribution! when not only the murderers themselves shall be called to their account, but the aiders and abettors, the false philosopher, the time-serving politician, and the venal patriot.

It is this kind of clearing which brings the truth to light, and regulates and adjusts that which has preceded in my tale, to which I now arrive.

The Honourable Matilda Crooklawn, at the early age of eighteen, was seen by the ruthless and dissipated Lord Kathemere. Few young men of rank and fashion would associate with Lord Kathemere; but the Honourable Major Crooklawn was proud and poor, and Lord Kathemere had very great disposable wealth at command. The first object of the Major's ambition was to be nominated as a M. P. for one of his Lordship's Boroughs. Hence at the race-course and the gaming-table the Major was to be seen with *his friend* Lord Kathemere; and hence, as we have seen, Major Crooklawn not only introduced this outcast of true nobility to his sister, who had been brought up in the most shameful seclusion, but easily prevailed upon his father, Lord Crooklawn, a weak and a wicked man, to entrap his innocent

and artless child into a marriage with the Earl of Kathemere. She never associated with her husband after the first three months of her marriage; but when he understood that his lady was in the family way, he had her taken down to his magnificent seat, Pon-tyrone Castle, in the County of ———, in the Province of ———, Ireland, where she was delivered.

Now her Ladyship, at the awful period, was firmly convinced in her own mind that her child was a daughter. A foreign accoucheur and a country woman attended her. The child was immediately taken away. She saw not again the foreigner; but the woman declared the child was a son, and every person to whom she had access, always asserted the same. She never afterwards saw her husband or child: his notoriety of vice drove him from home, and the boy accompanied him; but she still remained at the Castle, in somewhat the condition of a state-prisoner. Neither did she again see the nurse; but a woman, who was a relative of the nurse, waited upon her during her lying-in—an Irish woman, who at the time could speak no language but her own. Between the space of two and three years this seclusion took place, in which time she frequently applied to her father (having lost her

mother in early youth) and her only brother, without redress, and any other notice than a few lines from the now Colonel Crooklawn, and M. P. for Katherick, saying that she had every thing that she could wish, and desiring her to be satisfied. She sometimes saw Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran, who inhabited another part of the Castle, and more frequently Sir Bedell Wharton, who, by Lord Kathemere's permission, had unlimited controul over the fields of sport, and constant residence whenever he pleased at the Castle.

Sir Bedell Wharton was the son of a natural brother of the former Earl of Kathemere, the father of the present, and was the most fashionable man of his day. He was accounted a very handsome man, and very deeply skilled in all the mysteries of the turf and the gaming-house; and had been very fortunate: *i. e.* he was plausible, artful, false, and unprincipled. It was a long time before he made the least impression upon the heart or mind of the Countess; but opportunity, with all its aids and seclusion, and a pretended interest in her situation, and professed devotion towards her, at length fatally succeeded.

The duel with Colonel Crooklawn took place suddenly. Sir Bedell hastily gave her some

papers to read, to prove what he had before told her, that her brother had actually bargained with Lord Kathemere to bestow his sister's hand for a seat for the Borough of Katherick. Among the papers were many of the Earl's letters, which left no doubt that Sir Bedell had relinquished a considerable gambling debt due from Lord Kathemere to him, for certain privileges on the Earl's property; and the Earl coolly added—

"Don't think me, Bedell, such a fool as not to know your real motive for all this. I have got the son and heir, and a son and heir I'll take care not to lose; and when the son and heir comes to be one and twenty years of age, we'll stifle all the hopes of the Trolloppes. Further concerning this lady of a wife I care not; she has got her settlement, and you have got your annuity; and whether you spend it together or singly, it will never give me one moment's concern.—You ask if you can do any thing for me at Castle Desert? Yes. Miss your shot some day at the partridge, and knock down that harridan, Moggy Maclene: not that I want her forty pounds a-year, or to get your thousand pounds by your being hanged; but I want to make sure of her

tongue, and save the—(*here was a long dash*)—of us worthies three—O'Halloran, Bedell, and me." K.

Another letter said—" That was a bad business, the stealing *O'Halloran's* daughter !—Did he really try to recover her ?—If the child is ever found, send her over to me. She may pass for my *natural* daughter : the one of whom the French surgeon delivered a mistress of mine—— What was her name, Bedell ?—Send the child, and I'll put her into a convent, and marry her, perhaps, to some Italian nobleman."——There were many other letters, with similar remarks and insinuations.

These letters strengthened Lady Kathemere's former suspicions, and these formed part of the papers delivered to Mr. Elrington ; and about fourteen years afterwards, in the very physician who was appointed to attend the Convent del Sante Monte, in which the Countess resided, she recognised the French surgeon : his name was Pallatier. The Countess soon recollected him ; and after a few words of explanation, he remembered her, and the room in which she was brought to bed, though he was told at the time that the lady was a mistress of Lord Kathemere ; and,

above all, he was positive that the child was a female—upon this, the last and most material point, he had not the least doubt. And it was on account of his arrival at the Convent, and the testimony he gave, that the Countess was so anxious for the presence of Mr. Elrington.

It happened, a few weeks before, that Major Trolloppe came to town, and called on Mr. Elrington, and said—" I have a strange circumstance, upon which I wish to take your opinion. I had some friends at dinner the other day, and the conversation led to the Earldom of Kathemere being entailed upon me, and to the first report, that Lady Kathemere had been delivered of a daughter; and in the evening, after the company was gone, my faithful servant, Richard Maclene, said to me—'I hope your Honour will excuse me; but I did not know till to-day that you had any thing to do with the great Irish Kathemere estates. I was born on the property, Sir, and I know Moggy Maclene, who is the second wife of my father's brother—my aunt, your Honour; and who has often said that she could make a lord, and unmake a lord whenever she pleased; and we all know that she was nurse and midwife when my Lady Kathemere was brought to bed; and it was first of all said at that time, as some

gentlemen said at dinner, that Lady Kathemere had got a girl, though it was afterwards contradicted, and said to be a boy.'

'What more do you know of this Moggy Maclene?' said I.

'She had been nurse to Mrs. O'Halloran, who had been brought to bed in the great Castle, a few months before, of a son, as was for some time said; but afterwards it was said to be a daughter. Moggy Maclene alone brought Mrs. O'Halloran to bed. Dr. Sullivan, of Ballybinch, was engaged, but he did not arrive in time; and after Lady Kathemere's delivery, Moggy took charge of my Lady's baby, and went up to Dublin with it directly; and Milly Maclene, a poor giddy body, that was Moggy's stepdaughter, had the care of Mrs. O'Halloran's child, which was said to be very puny and sickly, after Moggy went away. And this Milly Maclene, your Honour, ran away with the child, more than a year afterwards, for the sake of a wild, roving fellow, one Dennis Heaphy. What became of Mrs. O'Halloran's child, nobody can tell.'——All that about the O'Hallorans and their female child, I told my trusty old servant was nothing to the purpose: so here, my dear friend, my information ends."

It was now arranged between Major Trolloppe and Mr. Elrington that Richard Maclene, who had been a soldier in Major Trolloppe's regiment, and was very particularly attached to him, in that the Major had once been the means of saving his life, should go over to see his relations in Ireland, and get any intelligence upon the subject in his power. Richard went over to Ireland; and in the interim of his absence Mr. Elrington received a letter from the Countess of Kathemere, earnestly desiring to see him in Switzerland. The purport has been stated.—The consequence was, that Lady Kathemere returned with Mr. Elrington to England. Richard Maclene also came back from Ireland, generally confirming the suspicions entertained, and in part attested by the testimony of Dr. Pallatier to her Ladyship.

A consultation took place, and no doubt remained in the minds of Mr. Elrington, Mr. Harley, Mr. Sabine, and others, that Erina was the offspring of Lady Kathemere, and Lord Wharton the son of Mrs. O'Halloran. The indifference of the O'Hallorans towards the recovery—the strange attestation—and their own contradiction to the acknowledgment of Dennis

Heaphy, that he was their child, were all cases of suspicion. But Moggy Maclene's testimony could not be obtained. She enjoyed a pension from Lord Kathemere, and kept the rest of the family of the Maclenes at a distance; but surmises and suspicions had been for many years watching around her, and sudden words and unguarded conduct had been caught hold of; and many persons had come to the same conclusion as Mr. Elrington and his friends, merely from the local evidence that was unwillingly, though occasionally obtained around them.

Major Trolloppe therefore soon determined to make it a question of law; and Mr. Elrington and Mr. Harley resolved that it should be a double question. Indeed the argument that Lord Wharton was a supposititious child of the Earl of Kathemere, involved the question that Erina had been surreptitiously transplanted.

Mr. Elrington thought his case sufficiently strong without the evidence of Moggy Maclene, or even in spite of her evidence to the contrary. Yet he was resolved to subpœna all the parties—Moggy Maclene, Sir Timothy and Lady O'Halloran, and Sir Bedell Wharton, and all the persons who had signed their names as witnesses to

the death of Mr. O'Halloran's daughter, who had been carried away by Milly Maclene; and also Dr. Sullivan, and others.

The subject that had agitated Lord Wharton in his interview with Mr. Elrington, had been the information upon these points, which created suspicions of his birth, which, from the high character Mr. Elrington had received of him, the other thought ought not to be withheld. After his interview with Erina on the same day, all communication stopped between him and Mr. Harley's family; and each party prepared to put the question to the decision of the law.

Sir Timothy O'Halloran had heard Lord Wharton's account of his interview with Mr. Elrington with little appearance of surprise.—"None of them," said he to Lord Wharton, "know any thing of the Irish character; and believe all the flights and fancies of native genius for sound sense and genuine truth. Very probably Mr. Elrington, who perhaps means what is right, was deceived by the pretended death of a young woman, and the having a child imposed upon him; and if some girl died, probably she was not Milly Maclene. And I have the undoubted testimony of actual witnesses to the death of my child, whom at one time Mr. Harley

and Mr. Elrington supposed this Miss Harley to be. Then their great, their only witness is a fellow whom the Police has been long seeking after; and Mr. Harley found him at last with a gang of robbers breaking into his own house; and of course the fellow, to escape that gallows which he has long deserved, was willing to pretend and to say whatever he thought might be agreeable to them. I am very glad, my Lord, that these idle fancies, which more or less I have heard for some time, at length meet us in a tangible form; and as for the French physician, this must be some impostor, whom we shall easily expose. You tell me that he is not come to England:—I don't think that he ever will come."——This, at the commencement of the proceedings, was the kind of language which Sir Timothy O'Halloran used. Lady O'Halloran professed neither to know nor to care concerning the business, any more than expressing the greatest indignation at the wanton ignorance and the weakness of the other party.

Such was the state of affairs a few weeks after the attack upon Mr. Harley's house; when one morning he received the following letter from the worthy Justice before whom he had taken the Signore Buonarona.

To H. Harley, Esq. Field House.

Dr Sr,

Beg to inform you, with great pleasure, that I have caught the foreign Dr. whom you told me of. He can't speak, as you said, much English; but he has a word or two of abuse for we men, even for me, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace; but he is civil enough to the women. I've caught him though, and I'll take care to keep him, till, as in duty bound, I commit him, upon your evidence, to His Majesty's prison at Doubletown. Please to come directly.

I am, Dr Sr, yours to command,

Samuel Budgett.

Mr. Harley sent back his servant with warm thanks to the worthy Justice, and communicated the news, by a special messenger, to Mr. Sabine and Mr. Carrol, the solicitor, desiring them to come immediately, and to bring the witness, Dennis Heaphy, along with them.

They were not long in obeying the summons, and were, soon after one o'clock, at the mansion of Samuel Budgett, Esq.

The magistrate received them at his door

with all the kind "how d'yes," and the smiles of a man who has well executed his office; and, without loss of time, prepared to fulfil his duties in the seat of judgment.—"Come! we'll soon settle this business.—John, bring in the prisoner."

In came the prisoner; and catching Mr. Sabine's eye, as a yet older acquaintance than Mr. Harley, gave forth, with a chuckle of recognition, that note which had sounded so abusive in the ears of his Worship—"Cuckold!"

"There!" said the magistrate, "I told you, Mr. Harley, how abusive he was. He didn't spare me, I assure you; but he shall sing in his cage now!"

It was impossible to restrain the risible feelings of the company, in which the magistrate joined the loudest, conceiving it was occasioned by his own joke. As soon as there was room for speech, Mr. Harley exclaimed—"And so then, after all, *this* is *your* Doctor Schiatari, the learned Italian physician!"

"Is it not?" said the worthy magistrate, beginning to discover that there was some mistake in the business. "I was sure he was a Frenchman, or Italian, as you called him, Mr. Harley, because he couldn't speak English; and being found wandering about the country here, within

a few miles only of the place where the attempt at housebreaking was made, I had him apprehended—that is, my constable, John Wiggins, found him in the parish, calling all the men 'cuckolds!' and the women 'sweethearts!' So John had some difficulty to protect him from the men, and they brought him here as a French spy; but I very naturally, as you must allow, gentlemen, thought he was the foreign man that had broken into my friend Mr. Harley here's house; so, thinking that a felon, or suspected felon, should not be suffered to be at large in His Majesty's dominions, I kept him in strict custody till Mr. Harley and you, gentlemen, favoured me with your company this morning."

Difficulties, dangers, mistakes, and all sudden calls upon the mind, make men eloquent, as was now the case with his Worship. Mr. Harley during the speech had completely recovered the beatific tone of his temper upon the business, and said—"I feel much obliged to you, Mr. Budgett, for your exertions and anxiety in the business, though we are unsuccessful in the present case."

Mr. Sabine, who had enjoyed the development of the affair with the greatest glee, and who, during his Worship's speech, had been

answering the shrugs and sniffs of his old acquaintance with a few pinches of that stimulant which is so often the requiem of our cares, proceeded—"We are disappointed of our man, it is true, your Worship, and this good fellow is no French spy, or Italian cognoscenti; but you have done us a much greater service than in apprehending Doctor Schiatari himself, for you have restored to us a very worthy fellow, who has not a single enemy out of the circle of his acquaintance; but who was lost from his native home yesterday evening, and cried this morning, with a guinea reward, in the market-place of Doubletown, which I will pay with pleasure to the vigilant officer that protected him, and brought him before your Worship."

"And isn't he a Frenchman, after all?" said the magistrate, with amazement.

"So far French, as you have remarked, that he cannot talk English; but he was born in the village of Biscan, a few miles on the other side of Doubletown, and being a natural born, he has seldom travelled far from his home; but yesterday he followed some of the villagers to the fair, was lost in the evening, slept supperless I know not where, and whether he has this morning broke his fast——"

"I can answer for that," said the worthy magistrate—"We find, you know, our prisoners of war—and why not our prisoners of peace? —and I believe he found my bread, cheese, and table-beer very much to his liking."

"Indeed he did, your Honour," said John.

Tom Dick was now safely delivered to the care of Mr. Sabine, and the whole party wished his Worship a good morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

Review your force with care.

LONG before the public was informed that a trial was about to take place concerning the Kathemere property, and the identity of the only son of the late Earl, Lady O'Halloran and her two unmarried daughters left the kingdom. Mr. Elrington did not think it necessary to endeavour to discover her Ladyship's residence; as the evidence to be extracted by her cross-examination was very doubtful, and her direct evidence seemed requisite to the establishing the fact, that a son of the O'Hallorans had not been substituted in the place of Lord Kathemere's daughter.

That Lady Kathemere herself should appear in Court as the first witness, had been determined upon; and Colonel Crooklawn was subpœnaed to prove (however grating it might be to his own proud feelings) the deserted state in which Lady Kathemere was left by those who, upon the im-

moral and unprincipled behaviour of her husband, ought to have protected her.

Dr. Pallatier was the next witness; but he was not yet arrived, and only a week now intervened before the period of trial.

Dennis Heaphy returned from Ireland with a host of witnesses; and Mr. Fielder, of the Dublin Police, was to come over in a few days. There was Bessy Heaphy, who had attended upon Lady Kathemere after the birth of her child. Bessy at that time could scarcely speak a word of English. She had been attentive to Lady Kathemere, and remained with her till the ever-to-be-deplored elopement with Sir Bedell Wharton; but she knew of the carrying-off of the supposed daughter of Counsellor O'Halloran, and was one of the party at the death of Milly Maclene: her mark, indeed, was made to the death of that daughter; but for this she received five shillings, and never knew to what circumstance she was sworn. The latter was the case with all the other witnesses—James Pardy, Thomas Maton, Richard Madden, except Moggy Maclene herself. The Justice before whom they were sworn, was now no more; but Thomas Carty, the clerk, was alive, and subpœnaed with the rest. There were, besides the above, six

other witnesses, whom Dennis Heaphy had discovered--some in Dublin, and some in other places —who could attest the identity of Erina, as the child carried away by her nurse, Milly Maclene, from Counsellor O'Halloran's, from the time of her coming among them, being secreted in the mountains, until the death of her nurse in that tempestuous weather, when the *Clearing* took place on the Kathemere property, and Milly Maclene perished from starvation and from cold, as we have seen in the early part of this history, when Mr. and Mrs. Elrington preserved the life of the child.

There was also the landlady of an inn, at which Lord Kathemere stopped for the night with Moggy Maclene, and the child Lord Wharton, in his way to Dublin, a week after the delivery of his wife. This dame, whose name was Katherine Delany, well remembered the party stopping at her house, and passing the night, and that the child could not be less than five or six months old.

Richard Maclene, Major Trolloppe's servant, had brought over three persons to attest the general understanding of the neighbourhood that Mr. O'Halloran's child was spoken of as a boy till the delivery of Lady Kathemere. And

there were other witnesses in London and other places, where Lord Kathemere had passed a few days in his way to Italy, to prove that the child Lord Wharton was of an age far beyond the possible age of Lady Kathemere's child.

On the other side there was said to be a host of witnesses as to the identity of Lord Wharton, in that he was to be considered the son of the Earl of Kathemere. The testimony of the O'Halloran family was supported in every particular by that unexceptionable witness (as he was called) Sir Bedell Wharton, and two of his servants. Moggy Maclene, midwife and nurse to both of the children, was (if correct and true) conclusive evidence. And all the evidence against the identity was compressed, in the statements of the O'Hallorans, into the evil passions and revengeful dispositions of the lowest of the Irish populace towards those who they alleged had oppressed them. Sir Timothy O'Halloran publicly said, that he would prove, by the most respectable testimony, that there was not one witness whom Mr. Elrington could bring forward, that was to be believed upon oath. It was added that gentlemen of the country, and some Roman Catholic priests, would be summoned, to be ready to prove it.

Mr. Elrington's evidence, therefore, seemed to rest upon that corroborating testimony which is independent of any individual assertion. Very anxiously, then, was he now expecting the daily arrival of Dr. Pallatier; yet under no apprehension, because he had taken the precaution to send a trusty person to bring him over to England.

Lord Wharton, upon the news of the death of the Earl of Kathemere, did not at first assume the title; but upon the representation of the gentlemen of the law who conducted the suit on his part, he suffered himself to be called Lord Kathemere. Their argument was—"If you are not Lord Kathemere, you are not Lord Wharton; and by declining to be called by your proper title, you encourage the doubt which others have raised."

When the young Lord first came to England, his reputed uncle, Colonel Crooklawn, had called and left his card. This visit he did not return; but he had mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Harley.

Now, when the title was disputed by Major Trolloppe, and the claims of Erina became known to the public, the gallant Colonel thought proper to call upon her at the house of Mr. Harley.

Mr. Harley saw him.

"I understand, Mr. Harley," said the Colonel, "that there is a young lady living in your family, whose rights are at present in litigation, as the heiress of the late Earl of Kathemere."

"You have been very truly informed, Colonel Crooklawn."

" You cannot be ignorant, Sir, that I am the maternal uncle. As it concerns the young lady, I hope it will be to my honour ; as it has reference to her mother, you know, Sir, it had been otherwise ;—but by law I am her nearest relation, which induces me, at this critical period, to call upon her."

" Why, Colonel," replied Mr. Harley, in that half-playful mood which he always assumed when his mind was made up on a subject, " it is all kind, and no kin. *Pendente lite*, as the lawyers say, or, in this state of abeyance, all things must remain as they are :—we have not the honour, at present, of your acquaintance. I presume you have no evidence as to the gentleman, and a very worthy *gentleman* I believe *him* to be, who now takes the title of the Earl of Kathemere, or as to the young lady who disputes his identity—I presume, Colonel, you have no evidence, I say, whether the only child of Lord and Lady Kathemere was a boy or a girl; and

till the law has settled the point, your visit, as to all relative claims, or right, or feeling, independent I mean of the honour of this your calling on us, would be as appropriately paid to that gentleman, my Lord Kathemere, as to the dear child of my adoption; therefore——"

"No proof indeed but a letter from the mother at the time; but——I should wish the lady herself to be informed, Sir," spake the Colonel, getting quickly into his usual consequential mode, "that I am Colonel Crooklawn, her supposed mother's brother, and that I have done her the honour of this visit."

"It has not been thought proper, in the present state of affairs, that she should see that mother herself."

"Perhaps that mother," rejoined the Colonel, "may at *no* time be a fit person for the society of her daughter."

"It is *no* perhaps to me, Colonel Crooklawn," remarked Mr. Harley: "I acknowledge no principles, no honour, paramount to the Christian. Lady Kathemere is an injured woman: even her own husband—and how grievously he injured her, you must *now* allow—even he, my Lord Wharton told me, when he first came to England, confessed to his son, at a time when he was in

the full use of his senses, that Lady Kathemere was the most injured woman on the face of the earth; and while he cautioned him against some of his relatives, enjoined him to be most kind to her. How repentant she has been in deed as well as words, her seclusion from all social intercourse, among strangers, for fourteen or fifteen years, sufficiently attests. Neither Erina nor myself has yet seen that supposed mother; but if it be ever proved that Erina is her child, and what may be thought the opinion of the world, the fashion of the world, the affected morals and proud manners of the world, should deter her from those old principles and practice of Christian love, charity, and forgiveness, in which I have educated her, I shall be ashamed that she has been brought up as my adopted daughter, and that I have ever permitted her to be called Erina *Harley*."

Colonel Crooklawn was very impatient during these remarks; but Mr. Harley spoke as a man who would have his own sentiments heard, as well as hear those of another. The Colonel seemed very anxious, once or twice, to refute instantly what Mr. Harley was saying; but by the time Mr. Harley had finished, he appeared to have mixed up a little prudence with his dis-

pleasure, and with suppressed emotions he replied, sticking to his point—"I beg leave to repeat, Mr. Harley, that I wish the lady to be informed that, as her nearest relative, in reference to her claims, I am come to introduce myself to her."

"I have informed you, Colonel," said Mr. Harley, "that her friends, in the present suspense, decline her introduction to any supposed relatives."

"Then, Sir, in my own rank, as Colonel Crooklawn, Colonel of his Majesty's —— Regiment of the Guards, &c. I desire to speak to the young lady!"

"Upon this point I am only answerable," said Mr. Harley, with that firmness which he did not want, but was not fond of displaying; "and as her host and her friend, I do not think it proper, and I decline it."

The Colonel started up, and gave one of those looks which had so often inspired awe and obedience to a refractory subaltern; but Mr. Harley kept his seat, and heeded him not. —At length Colonel Crooklawn exclaimed—"What, Sir, is not the lady her own mistress? Is the asserted heiress to all the English property of the great Kathemere family, and the supposed

inheritrix of the title of Wharton, being Lady Wharton (if she succeeds in her claim) in her own right, to be under the vassalage of a commoner, and not to have a will of her own ?"

"My will," replied Mr. Harley, rising coolly from his chair, "has ever been, I am most happy to say, her will, and her wishes have ever influenced me; but as I should be very sorry, Colonel Crooklawn, that you should leave my house in any displeasure against me that I could obviate, I will write her my opinion, which I beg you to see, and then leave her to her own option upon the subject; at the same time, requesting the favour of you to add any remarks of your own."

He rang the bell for pen and paper, and, before he wrote, said—"I beg, Colonel Crooklawn, you will be seated, and permit me to order you some refreshment."

The Colonel declined, and sat down; and Mr. Harley wrote:—

"My dear Erina, Colonel Crooklawn wishes to introduce himself as the nearest relative of the Countess of Kathemere's child. I have told him my opinion of such introduction. He then asks to present himself as Colonel Crooklawn, of His

Majesty's Royal Regiment of —— Guards. As I have never had the honour of the Colonel's acquaintance, this I also decline; but if your wishes or opinion are otherwise than my own, you will inform us.

"H. H."

The Colonel also wrote under the former—

"Supposing your claim, as the Baroness Wharton, and heiress of Lord Kathemere, to be correct, I have the honour to wait upon you, and ask an interview as your mother's only brother, and nearest relative (in the unavoidable absence of my father, Lord Crooklawn), and as Colonel Crooklawn, of the Guards.

"ALEXANDER CROOKLAWN."

To this Erina INSTANTLY replied, so that the Colonel, if it had been possible, might have supposed the answer to be already cut and dried for the occasion—

"I acquiesce in every opinion of my dearest Mr. Harley upon the subject, and beg leave to decline the introduction to the Colonel.

"ERINA."

The Colonel snorted, and said nothing; but, bowing very hastily, took his leave.

When Mrs. Harley and Erina returned into the library, after the Colonel's departure, Mr. Harley, in narrating the conversation between himself and Colonel Crooklawn, remarked that the suppression of words upon his exit was easily accounted for, in that the Colonel had not yet given up all hopes of getting his niece to renew the family interest for the Borough of Double-town.—"I am much obliged to the Colonel for calling," continued Mr. Harley, "because I have long wished to see him; and I *have* seen him at advantage, because I have seen him alone, and had an opportunity of coping with him. I don't wonder at all that our friend Puffeter was so willing to have a shot at him; he is enough to make any man valiant."

"I declare, Mr. Harley, if you were not past a certain age," said his wife, "if I should not be afraid of your getting entangled in one of those fine affairs of honour with him."

"No, dear Biddy," said the affectionate husband, "my love for thee, if not a better principle, would make me *decline*—for that's our fashionable word to-day—that affectation of honour. I leave *that* to all those whose honourable

dealings are generally likely to be called in question: it is necessary for them that they should have a sample of some kind to go to market with. It's the case with nine-tenths of your Irish duellists; they fight from pure necessity:—if they did not fight, they would not have a coat to their backs, or a leg to stand upon. And as for all seconds, they are the scum of the human race, and the veriest curse of society. I have half a mind to write, print, and publish a pamphlet upon duelling, into causes, motives, and objects."

"I wish you would, papa," said Erina; "and I should like you to investigate why ladies, who are oftentimes most indignant at the perfidy, treachery, and ingratitude of their admirers, and guilty of a thousand acts of violence, and desperation, and self-destruction, do not at once challenge these ungracious Lotharios."

"Such things have been," replied Mr. Harley, "but the gentlemen of course *decline* this kind of contest."

"The instances are so rare, that they may be scarcely called exceptions to my general rule," continued Erina; "but, if a woman was in earnest, she might easily send the challenge in the name of some friend or cousin; and when she

had once caught the inconstant swain in the field of honour, with her pistol in her hand, it would be her own fault if she did not obtain her satisfaction."

"My dearest Erina," said Mrs. Harley, "one would think that you had actually planned a scheme of the kind."

"Oh, I have fancied a thousand scenes, mamma," Erina answered, "in which I should be very sorry ever to be an actor. But you will please to remember that I only draw the female duellist as a contrast to the irascible and desperate suicide. I defend neither; I would condemn both. But I cannot help thinking that the lady-duellist is the most rational of the two. Revenge is an horrible passion; but there is no need that folly should be mixed up with it."

"You argue this well, Erina," said Mr. Harley; "and when I write my pamphlet, I will not forget your suggestions."

A few days before the commencement of the trial, Dr. Pallatier at length arrived. It was fortunate that Mr. Elrington had sent a trusty messenger for him; because, about the time that he intended to set off, a respectable legal man of the country, whom Dr. Pallatier very well knew, called upon him, and said that he had received

orders from an agent of Counsellor Elrington, of the English Bar, that there was no need of his attendance; and the agent had also sent him five pounds to present the Doctor for the trouble and expences that he might have encountered upon the subject. This was therefore now evidently a *ruse de guerre* of the enemy upon the occasion, which it was impossible at present to investigate: and Mr. Elrington, having hastily seen the Doctor for a few minutes on his arrival, wished him to have his abode at Richmond, where Lady Kathemere resided till the day of trial, when apartments would be prepared for all the witnesses, adjoining the Court. Mr. Fielder, of the Dublin Police, also arrived. He had at the time heard the common report of a child of Lord Kathemere's having been exchanged; but there were so many reports injurious to the character of Lord Kathemere, at the time that he left the kingdom, that it had been the less noticed; yet he had traced it to the landlady of the inn at which Lord Kathemere stopped in his way to Dublin with the boy; and had sent her, and the woman, who was her servant-maid at the time, over to England with Dennis Heaphy.

In the trial at law, which was about to take

place, to prove who were the heirs of the late Lord Kathemere, to his personal property, to his landed and entailed estates, and to his English and Irish titles, the Attorney, on the part of Major Trolloppe and Erina, was Mr. Mendip, a very respectable man, long known to Mr. Elrington; and Messrs. Elrington, Fairbelough, and Lawrey were the Counsel; and Sergeant Blowpipe, Persiflayer, and Savary were the Counsel selected by Sir Timothy. And his Attorney, a *very* able person, whose abilities the Baronet and his friends had often experienced, was the celebrated Mr. Farridon. Our old friend, Peter Puffeter, Esq., a very popular character, was the senior High Sheriff; his coadjutor was Charles Furbelow, Esq.; and the Under Sheriff, Mr. Brockley, the Solicitor.

CHAPTER IX.

"Considere duces et vulgi stante coronâ."

The Judges sat—the Audience stood around.

On the morning of the trial, which was to determine the birth and state of our heroine, Mr. Elrington, her first friend, her ever-faithful adviser, and now her leading Counsel, felt himself unusually agitated at the approach of the scene that was about to take place. Not that he had any apprehension of the result, or of any disclosure that could occur; but every thing was so mixed up with his personal feelings, and with the habits and charities of his life—his wife and children he had left in a state of the highest excitement and interest—and the very company around him would so feel, as the dearest friends only can feel, at every word he uttered, and at every action that was brought forward, that he took his seat in Court with a sense of responsibility, and an oppressive vigilance, that were not congenial either to his natural feelings, or to the acquired habits of his profession.

Far otherwise were the sensations and the reflections of his learned opponents. Their knowledge, their art, and their cunning were all roused; but no sense of personality or affection confined by its evolutions the sturdy oak of their powers. All was free and unrestrained, and vigilant for occasion. Even display looked forward to effect, and courtesy itself had its object in view. Sergeant Blowpipe wore that day a very handsome new full wig, which added not a little to the high consideration of his character; and the looks and appearance of the whole array of legal opponents were any thing but the foreboders of dismay and defeat.

The new Earl of Kathemere sat near the right hand of the Judge; and behind him Sir Timothy O'Halloran and Sir Bedell Wharton took their stations, with many of their friends.

At some distance behind the Judge was seen, in no very pleasant mood, Colonel Crooklawn, like a bird of ill omen, as I believe all the vespertilio tribe are, between both parties.

On the left of the Judge, Colonel Trolloppe, and Erina (who was very anxious to be present); and, from affection to her, Mrs. Harley, as well as her husband and Mr. Sabine, were seated.

Many other friends of the parties were in the Court.

The witnesses on both sides were ready for the first summons, in apartments near the spot.

The Sheriffs were in full costume, with their gold chains pendant; and Mr. Puffeter's eye was every where, and his person not a little in motion.

The noon of one of the gloomy and short days of the month of November had passed away before the Special Jury was sworn, and that promising young Counsellor, Mr. Fairbelough, opened the proceedings.

"Oh, had I Jubal's lyre,
"Or Miriam's tuneful voice!"

In the present case it is, if I had but the legal knowledge of either of these eminent Barristers who have lately stated their details to the public, or the powers of description which flow on all themes from the pen of a Scott, a Smith, or ——or even had I but the brazen front of a modern Reviewer of the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, the Westminster——nay, Gentlemen, I am acting unfairly in specifying any class——had I but *any* Reviewer's impudence, I would dispense with

technical knowledge and superior abilities, and favour my readers at once with the whole proceeding of that trial, which I must now, in a more humble way, endeavour to bring before them. But apology is very seldom in good taste:—"No blot is a blot till it is hit."—When Jay, the celebrated Bath preacher, first mounted the pulpit, old Winter stood at the bottom of the stairs, and gave the youth a friendly jog, with the hint—"No apologies, my boy!"—I believe this remark is not much required in a Court of Justice. If any parliamentary tyro, or other oratorical aspirant, should read these pages, it may be of service to him.

Mr. Fairbelough began, and detailed, in very pretty language, the evidence which was about to be adduced, to prove the validity of the claim of Colonel Trolloppe to the Irish Earldom of Kathemere; and Miss Erina Harley to the English Baronetcy of Wharton. The foregoing history of our heroine has frequently brought these details before the reader; and the particulars of the last Chapters present the direct evidence as the learned gentleman described it to the Court: it will be unnecessary, therefore, to repeat it in Mr. Fairbelough's speech, but bring forward at once the witnesses.

And, first, Lady Kathemere was called into Court, and was examined by Mr. Elrington. —The Countess was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, but in no weeds.

Elrington—You are the Countess of Kathemere, Ma'am?

Countess—I am.

Elrington—When were you married?

Countess—In the year ——, to Philip, the late Earl.

Elrington—What children has your Ladyship had?

Countess—I never had but one child; a daughter.

Elrington—*When*, my Lady, and *where?*

Countess—In the year ——, at Pon-tyrone Castle, in the County of ————, Province of ————, Ireland.

Elrington—Who delivered your Ladyship?

Countess—A French gentleman, Dr. Pallatier. I did not know his name at the time; but I have within the last year met with him, as a medical attendant selected for the Convent del Sacro Monte, in ————, and I immediately remembered him. There was also an Irishwoman, and an assistant, who took charge of the child.

Elrington—Is your Ladyship certain that the child, the *only* child that you say you have ever borne, was that at Pon-tyrone Castle, and that it was a girl?

Countess—I am.

Mr. Elrington sat down.

Sergeant Blowpipe now arose for the cross-examination; and great excitement was created among the auditors, and the Countess herself was evidently agitated; when a note from the young Earl of Kathemere was delivered to the learned Sergeant, which he read, and, handing it over to Mr. Elrington, sat himself down.

Mr. Elrington again got up, and spoke—"Our noble adversary, noble in the most honourable sense, has thought proper to request his Counsel not to cross-examine Lady Kathemere; but wishes me to put one more question—'What is the whole of your Ladyship's knowledge, that your child was a daughter?'"

Countess—My knowledge at the birth, and the testimony at the time of the medical gentleman. The child was immediately taken away, and I have never seen her since.

The examination of Lady Kathemere here closed, and her Ladyship left the Court.

I cannot pause to expatiate upon the feelings

of our youthful heroine when, for the first time in her life, she saw one whom she believed to be the dearest of all relations—one who had suffered a dreadful period of cruelty, which ended only in crime, and had since, for many a long year, with the most virtuous resignation and forbearance, in solitude and seclusion and contrition, proved her faith and her repentance; and now only came forth into the busy world, at the stern call of rectitude and justice.

Colonel Crooklawn was the next witness produced; but Sergeant Blowpipe arose, and spoke—"I beg permission, my Lord, to make a remark concerning my not being permitted to examine the last witness. I have yielded to the necessity of the case, or rather to the all-powerful claims of virtuous affection above right, in the breast of a son: the case is unique, and I have allowed it. But, my Lord, there is no cause that is worthy of the interference of the law, that can be rightly, I may say honourably, conducted by its professors, if feeling is to put aside the vigilance and research of truth. I shall only add, my Lord, that I hope this forbearance will be hereafter rightly appreciated in the proper place. Yet I cannot but lament that we have here a repetition of that unnatural case, which the mighty historian

of the Poets has consigned to eternal infamy. Did the Lady Macclesfield disown, proscribe, and would have persecuted to the death her own offspring; and did the immortal lexicographer unravel the clue of wickedness, and in his splendid life of Savage, expose to the world's reprehension ——"

"Brother Blowpipe," said the Judge, interfering, "I must remind you that, in this state of the trial, your remarks are irrelevant and improper, and that the Honourable Colonel Crooklawn is sworn, and ready to be examined."

"I submit, my Lord," said the learned Sergeant, seating himself, with no little consequence.

Elrington—My learned friend, as well as the great Dr. Johnson, both forgot one *trifling* circumstance—Whether the children were *supposititious?*——I believe, Colonel Crooklawn, that you are the brother of Lady Kathemere?

Colonel Crooklawn—I am.

Elrington—You knew of her marriage with Lord Kathemere, and promoted the same?

Colonel—I know not what you have to do with my assent or dissent.

Elrington—I hope to make it apparent to yourself, as well as to the Judge and the Jury.

Judge—Colonel Crooklawn, you must answer the question.

Colonel—I did approve of it, because my sister had no fortune, and Lord Kathemere made a settlement of £2000 a year.

Elrington—I did not require your reasons, Colonel; but as you have thought proper to mention some of them, may I ask if these were the only ones?

Colonel—By your own statement, Sir, you have nothing to do with my reasons.

Elrington—I ask you at once, Colonel, did not Lord Kathemere promise you some political honours or advantages for your approbation of the match, and your interest with your sister?

Colonel—My Lord, I must appeal to you against this course of interrogation; my honour is in your hands. This can answer no purpose.

Elrington—I have no objection, my Lord, to state to yourself and the Jury the purport of my questions to the Colonel. I wish to prove the unprotected and deserted state in which the Countess of Kathemere was left by her nearest relations after her marriage, and to account for it; that it may not be insinuated that it was any fault of her own that she had not access to her child. It will prove that her estrangement from her hus-

band and child caused her to fall into that snare which was laid for her honour, which no one more grievously laments than herself.——I now, therefore, Colonel, beg to ask you another question. Did not Lady Kathemere write to you a few months after her marriage, and describe her seclusion, and the dissipated habits of the Earl?

Colonel—She might; but I did not think it proper to interfere between a new-married man and his wife.

Elrington—Did she not inform you that she was the mother of a female child; tell you the child was taken from her, and that the people about her said it was a boy; and also that her husband had left her: and did she not claim your protection?

Colonel—Very probably. I was obliged to be with my regiment. If her husband had left her, she could require no protection against him. She had a handsome jointure, and respectable trustees for the same. There was nothing to prevent her being her own mistress.

Elrington—What was her age at that time, Colonel?

Colonel—Twenty years.

Elrington—Not twenty, Sir. Were you not about that period chosen Member for the Town

of Katherick, which is in the midst of the property of Lord Kathemere?

Colonel—Yes.

Elrington—And did you not come to Ireland upon the occasion?

Colonel—Yes.

Elrington—And what is the distance of Katherick from Pon-tyrone Castle, where your sister resided?

Colonel—About twelve miles.

Elrington—As you did not call on your sister, Colonel Crooklawn, let me ask you, did you ever answer her letters?

Colonel—Yes, I did.

Elrington—I hold an answer of five lines only, refusing to interfere, in my hand:—I ask you, on your oath, did you ever write another?

The Colonel coloured with indignation—I cannot recollect particulars. I have no copies or memoranda of any of my letters to her.

Elrington—Permit me also to ask, of your own knowledge, Colonel Crooklawn, if the young Countess of Kathemere, before and after the birth of her child, wrote to Lord Crooklawn, your father, upon the same subjects?

Colonel—My father's state of health, Sir, should preclude such questions.

Elrington—I lament that state of health, and shall make no remark, on that account, upon Lord Crooklawn's not answering his daughter's letters; but I only ask you as to the fact of the Countess of Kathemere having stated her helpless condition, and appealed to him, according to your own knowledge?

Colonel—I allow she did write to him before and after the birth of her child.

Elrington—I shall trouble you no farther, Colonel Crooklawn.

That very able young Counsellor, Mr. Persiflayer, now arose, to put a few cross-questions, as they are often aptly called, to the honourable Colonel.

Persiflayer—We understand, Colonel Crooklawn, that you did not, either in your father's name, or your own, think proper to answer either of your sister's letters?

Colonel—I have given my reasons.

Persiflayer—Did you believe the Countess to be correct, when she informed you that she had borne a female child?

Colonel—Sir, I would have you know that the word of none of my family is to be doubted. I have no reason to suppose that the Countess would ever willingly tell an untruth.

Persiflayer—The honour of the family, Colonel, we do not presume to call in question. To errors and mistakes human nature is liable. I ask therefore again, did you believe the Countess to be correct?

Colonel—She might have been mistaken.—Lord Kathemere and others informed me that the child was a boy.

Persiflayer—And you believed them?—You acted upon the belief that the child was a boy?

Colonel—I did not act at all.

Persiflayer—Pardon me, Colonel. Did you not call on Lord Wharton, as your nephew, as the son of your sister and the late Lord Kathemere, as soon as you had heard that he was in England?

Colonel—He was then universally acknowledged as such.

"I have done," said Mr. Persiflayer.

"Stay a moment," said Mr. Elrington; "I *must* now ask you, Colonel Crooklawn, one more question—Did you not also call at Mr. Harley's, at Field House, on Miss Erina Harley, as the claimant of the Wharton property, and supposed heiress and only child of Lord and Lady Kathemere?

Colonel—When I heard of her claim, I did, to be satisfied of the truth.

Elrington—Were you admitted to an interview with either of the parties?

Colonel, very hastily—I have never spoken to either.

As the Colonel went away, Mr. Persiflayer said across to Mr. Elrington—"Thank you, Elrington, for that last question. It is not the Colonel's fault, you see, that he is not a more material witness for the one or the other of us. *Tantus est honor!*"

During the foregoing examination, the worthy High Sheriff had been greatly noticed, and his gallant behaviour commented upon.

The next witness was the French Physician, Dr. Pallatier. He appeared a middle-aged and middle-sized man, very respectably dressed, in the handsome and honourable costume of the *élite* of the French military establishment in which Dr. Pallatier had served; and he wore the order of the Legion of Honour on his breast. His hair was well dressed, like a foreigner of some rank; but he had no profusion of hair about his face. There was nothing else particular in his appearance, except that as soon as he came into Court, he seemed incommoded by the glare of light, and put on a pair of green pro-

tectors for the eyes. His *tout ensemble* indeed completely did away with the sarcasms of Sir Timothy O'Halloran, that the whole of the witnesses on the part of Colonel Trolloppe and Erina were low and discreditable persons. He was shewn into the witness-box by a respectable officer of the Court, who was in attendance to summon, and procure easy egress to the several witnesses. He bowed respectfully to the Court, and asked for an interpreter.—There was one ready, and he was sworn.

Elrington—Is your name, Sir, Dr. Pallatier?

Dr. P.—It is.

Elrington—Were you acquainted with the late Earl of Kathemere?

Dr. P.—I was introduced to him at Dublin, where, on account of the disturbed state of the Continent, I was studying physic.

Elrington—For what purpose were you introduced?

Dr. P.—To accompany his Lordship into the country, for the accouchement of a lady who was under his Lordship's protection.

Elrington—Do you know the place that you visited?

Dr. P.—I was told it was Pon-tyrone Castle.

Elrington—Can you inform the Court who the lady was?

Dr. P.—His Lordship informed me that the lady's name was Mrs. Malony; but I have since known otherwise.

Elrington—In what manner, Sir?

Dr. P.—I have lately met with the lady at the Convent del Sacro Monte, in ———, where I am at present the regularly appointed physician of that very honourable establishment.—The lady immediately remembered me; and I find she is the Countess of Kathemere.

Elrington—You are convinced she is the same person whom you delivered at Pon-tyrone Castle?

Dr. P.—I have no reason, Sir, whatever to doubt it.

Elrington—Be so good as to inform the Court what was the sex of that child.

Dr. Pallatier paused—So many years have passed, and the circumstance did not appear to me at the time to be one of any peculiar interest, that—that—though I now clearly understand ——the child was a girl.

Elrington—Have you any doubt upon the subject?

Dr. P.—Oh no, none in the least. It is

impossible to be otherwise: it undoubtedly was a girl.

Mr. Elrington paused—looked at his notes; but he had not the appearance of a lawyer who was quite satisfied with the manner in which the evidence was given. He asked no further questions, and sat down.

During the examination of Dr. Pallatier, the following conversation took place at intervals between Mr. Harley, Erina, and their friends.

Erina—I should think Dr. Pallatier had served for a long time abroad.

Mr. Harley—Why, my dear?

Erina—His French sounds by no means pure for a native.

Mr. Harley—I am sure Elrington said he was a native. It cannot be.

The Judge looked round, and they were silent.

Mr. Harley, gently whispering—My friend, the Italian Doctor, did not speak much better; but then he was in England some time, and afterwards in the French armies. I don't know what to make of this.—How he prevaricates!—Come, that is something better.—It is all safe, I hope.—Humph!—It is soon over.

The cross-questioning commenced.

Sergeant Blowpipe—Now, Sir, I want no conjectures, no hearsay, no *doubtful* answers.—Remember, Dr. Pallatier, you are in an English Court of Justice, and on your oath: answer me, then, according to your own knowledge. Do you swear that the child, of whom you delivered the person who you say was Lady Kathemere, was a girl?

Dr. P.—Her Ladyship since has repeatedly told me so.

Sergeant B.—Of your own knowledge, what do you say it was?

Dr. P.—I have no right knowledge, though I thought at one time, a great while ago, that it had been a boy.

Mr. Elrington started up, and spoke!—There was some confusion! The Judge ordered Mr. Elrington to sit down, adding—"This interruption is very improper. You may re-examine your witness after the cross-examination has closed."—At the same time Erina whispered to Mr. Harley; and Mr. Harley, in the greatest agitation, turned round to Mr. Sabine—"Sabine, surely, in spite of his whole appearance, in spite of the no-whiskers and mustachios, and in spite of his fine green spectacles, that fellow is *my* lynx-eyed Doctor!"

The Judge, in very great displeasure, and not without threats, turned round again, and, looking at Mr. Harley, commanded silence. The cross-examination proceeded.

Sergeant B.—You believed, then, Dr. Pallatier, that the child was a boy till you were informed by Lady Kathemere, at the Convent del Sacro Monte, that it was a girl?

Dr. P.—I believed so.

Sergeant B.—Did you say it was a girl at the time of the birth?

Dr. P.—Certainly not.

Sergeant B.—Did you see Lady Kathemere in this Court?

Dr. P.—I have been during the whole morning in her company; and only left her when I was summoned by the officer.

Mr. Harley, aside—It must be, then, the right man.

Sergeant B.—Have you ever kept memoranda of your medical proceedings?

Dr. P.—Yes, I have them here.

Mr. Harley, aside—Aye, I have heard that he had minutes of the affair. This will set us all right.——But here has been some mistake, which Elrington will clear up.

Sergeant B.—Have you a memorandum of this delivery?

Dr. P.—Yes.

Sergeant B.—Read it to the Court.

Mr. Harley, in too audible a voice—Now we come to the point!

The Judge again ordered silence, as the Doctor read—

"Delivered a lady, Mrs. Malony, at Pontyrone Castle, where I was taken by the Earl of Kathemere, of [*pauses*] a girl."

Sergeant B.—Hand me up the book, Dr. Pallatier. Why, here I see you have erased the word *boy*, and written *girl* above it!

Dr. P.—It was done, from the best motives, very lately, after the Lady Kathemere informed me that it was a *girl.*

Sergeant B.—Oh! *no doubt*, Sir. And now, Dr. Pallatier, answer me—According to your own actual knowledge and recollection, and the minutes you made at the time, was the child of whom you delivered Lady Kathemere, a boy or a girl?"

Dr. Pallatier faltered.—Mr. Harley jumped up, and leant most anxiously and obtrusively forward.—The Doctor answered—"It was a boy."

Mr. Harley absolutely started, and could contain himself no longer.—" This must be a false witness, my Lord! This must be an impostor!"

Mr. Sabine at the next moment rushed out of the Court. The greatest confusion prevailed.

The Judge was very angry at the interruption; but Mr. Harley proceeded, in his loudest voice, and trembling with agitation—" My Lord, I will take my oath in any Court in Christendom!——Is it to be believed for a single instant?"

Mr. Harley was immediately ordered into custody. He was calm in a moment, and turned to his wife and Erina—" Be not alarmed; I have played the fool, and deservedly suffer. My arrest is a thing of not a moment's consequence. Be firm and collected! Keep an eye to the witness!"—And Mr. Harley, giving Colonel Trollope one shake by the hand, was taken out of Court.

During the tumult Mr. Elrington neither arose nor spoke a word. He was ashamed at his former interruption, which had given his adversaries an advantage over him, and encouraged the intemperate conduct of Mr. Harley; and no one appeared more depressed by the sentence of the Judge than the senior High Sheriff himself.

Again all was peace; and the Judge, with a calmness, as if nothing had occurred, addressed the learned Sergeant—"Brother Blowpipe, proceed with your cross-examination."

Sergeant B.—Witness! Dr. Pallatier! come forward!

Judge—Bring the witness forward.

Under Sheriff—Go, some of you, and bring back the last witness.

Different Counsel—Where is the witness?

Officer of the Court—He left the box, my Lord, and said his examination was over.

Judge—Let him be recalled immediately!

The Sheriffs gave their orders, and acted with the greatest zeal and anxiety.

Voices within and without the Court—"Dr. Pallatier! Dr. Pallatier!"

The Under Sheriff left the Court, and the call for Dr. Pallatier continued. The confusion now gradually acquired strength; not, as before, did it burst forth like the fits of a fever, but it rose like the tempest, till the whole Court and its environs were encompassed with it.

At this moment Mr. Sabine returned into Court with Lady Kathemere, for whom he had gone, to identify the witness. Mr. Elrington had sent his clerk for the same purpose.

Mr. Sabine, seeing the confusion, and hearing the occasion, again conducted Lady Kathemere out of the Court.

The tumultuous tide had followed after the supposed Doctor Pallatier; again it ebbed back into the Court.

Officer—Dr. Pallatier cannot be found, my Lord.

Messenger—He is not to be met with at his lodgings, my Lord.

Judge—Who is the officer of the Court that suffered him to depart without orders?

Officer—My Lord, a person leant over from the Counsel's bench, and said the witness might depart; and he went away directly.

Judge—Who presumed to give such orders?

Officer—He was a young gentleman, who appeared like a lawyer's clerk.

Judge—Can you point him out to the Court?

Officer—No, my Lord.

Sergeant B.—I insist upon his being found!

So insisted they all.

Such was a part of the regular conversation that took place. It is impossible, with a thousand tongues and a thousand pens, to narrate the irregularity that ensued among the Counsel—among the witnesses—among the auditors—among the

Jury themselves; and, above all, among all the retainers of the Court, attorneys, clerks, writers, bailiffs, constables, messengers, and officers of all grades.

For some time the venerable Judge did not attempt to stem the torrent: at length silence was enforced within; but it continued to rage without, and every now and then with renewed interest.

Mr. Puffeter, whose high office commanded every one, had been out of the Court, and returned with a countenance of the greatest dismay.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "can you give us any intelligence of the witness? The Court is waiting for him."

"My Lord," replied the Sheriff, "I have sent officers in every direction, and we can obtain no tidings of him."

Messrs. Fairbelough and Lawrey severally expressed their surprise that the witness was not forthcoming.

"The disappearance of the witness, Dr. Pallatier, appears very strange to my learned Brothers," said Sergeant Blowpipe; "but I cannot believe it to be so very wonderful to your Lordship and the very intelligent Gentlemen of the Jury. That witness we have just seen has completely disappointed the expectation of his own

party. We had already, my Lord, elicited sparks of truth, which must have glared unpleasantly enough on the darkness around. Did not my learned friend testify his astonishment?—and did not the witness himself anticipate a few more of those mental concussions which bring forth discoveries?—Now I think it is very evident to your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury, that the witness wished to shelter himself from any further operations of the kind, and wisely withdrew himself from the evil to come. It is not only very clear to me, but I believe that it is equally clear to the whole Court, why the witness has taken advantage of the confusion around. I do not for a moment entertain any idea that any young gentleman of or belonging to the law gave him orders to depart. The solicitors and agents who conduct the suit against us, are too honourable for me to suspect for a moment that they have had any hand in his removal: it is his own act and deed I verily believe, my Lord; and it is my further opinion, that this Dr. Pallatier will not be easily found again, to stand another electrical shock. I presume, my Lord, we shall not wait till we send over into his native France, or native Switzerland, for the witness; to one of which countries I conceive he is making the best of his way."

During the foregoing scene Mrs. Harley had been the first to recover a right possession of her mind, and she said to Erina—" Write a note, my dear, immediately to Mr. Elrington, and tell him what our suspicions are."

The Judge, as soon as Sergeant Blowpipe concluded, spoke—" Brother Elrington, proceed with your witnesses."

Elrington—My Lord, I must still further trespass upon your patience. One of my chief witnesses is the gentleman, Mr. Harley, whom you have thought proper to commit for a contempt of the Court: and, first of all, I beg leave to petition for his release, and to inform your Lordship that I have just been informed he fancied that he recognised the witness, who called himself Dr. Pallatier, as one of a gang who had lately broken into his house, and attempted robbery and murder; in which attempt one of the burglars was taken in the fact, and was afterwards claimed by the Government as an outlaw and murderer. This induced him to——

Sergeant Blowpipe, with great indignation, started upon his legs, and began again to speak.

Elrington—I am very happy at this interruption, as it proves the same feelings in my learned friend as induced me, during his cross-examin-

ation, to arise and interrupt him. Accept my apology. I resign to the learned Sergeant, with whom I am now upon even terms.

Sergeant B.—It is impossible, my Lord, for me to sit still and hear a witness—because I have elicited from him that truth which is against my learned friend's cause—to have him, I say, without proof, without the least evidence—at the moment of his strange and unaccountable absence—arraigned as a robber and a murderer! A man—their own witness—their most favoured witness—the very witness who was to substantiate the very point upon which this cause hangs—who was one while all that was honourable and honest——the very buz around me indicated his gentlemanly manners and appearance—and he is now, forsooth, to be classed with outlaws and midnight assassins!

Elrington—My Lord, it is the identity of this man with Dr. Pallatier that I impeach. We have the Simon Pure, and the false Simon Pure; and with this doubt—without the means at the moment of clearing up this doubt—I cannot suffer the cause to proceed; but if it cannot be delayed till the witness is found, I must suffer a NONSUIT.

The Judge immediately gave orders that Mr. Harley should be released; and thus, contrary to the most sanguine hopes of Colonel Trolloppe

and Erina, and their many and mutual friends, this great cause was decided in favour of the present Earl of Kathemere.

I have not interrupted the description of the proceeding, to expatiate on the calm and dignified behaviour of Colonel Trolloppe; who in vain attempted to restrain Mr. Harley, and whose attention to Mrs. Harley and Erina was every thing they could desire.

CHAPTER X.

"Steady, boys, steady!"

IMMEDIATELY as the trial closed, Colonel Trolloppe, with Mr. and Mrs. Harley and Erina, hastened away to the house of Mr. Elrington. That gentleman, without loss of time, called upon Lady Kathemere, and explained what Mr. Sabine had left untold; for he, with his usual zeal and activity, and his son-in-law, and Mr. Fielder, and, not the least, the worthy High Sheriff, Mr. Puffeter, were aiding and abetting the hue and cry which on all sides surrounded the seat of justice after the two lost individuals, Dr. Pallatier himself, and Dr. Pallatier's too successful representative.

Mr. Elrington soon joined his friends in his own parlour, whom he found by no means cast down by the untoward events that had occurred.

Elrington—I blame myself for the whole, who ought to have kept you all in unison; but I was out of tune before I entered the Court. I cau-

tioned my good kinsman here, who never took up a chant in his life, that he did not bring it, one way or the other, to a finale.

Harley—Cautioned me, Jemmy! Did you ever find caution do me good in your life? I know myself so well, that I would not have trusted myself in Court if I had not had Biddy at my elbow. Biddy pulled me back twice—Colonel Trolloppe entreated me—but Erina was determined not to be a lady this time, so she rather urged me on.

Erina—I confess my delinquency, papa; I encouraged your suspicions, and certainly rejoiced at your interference. Even now let me but hear that the real Dr. Pallatier is safe, and I shall not feel one moment's regret at the occurrence of the day.

Colonel Trolloppe—I agree with you, my dear cousin; for cousin you are, I am convinced, if you will own me. [*She gave him her hand.*] I feel more confidence upon the point at issue than ever I did before; and I heartily thank my dear old friend, and most able assistant, Elrington —I thank him for his warmth, as well as for his prudence and his sense; and I as heartily thank you, Mr. Harley; for the burst of your heart was, I am convinced, the voice of truth.

Mrs. Elrington—I can say, then, in the words of the royal Malcolm, and to continue your metaphor, my dear Elrington—"This tune goes manly." Our lack is nothing but another trial.

Elrington—Our poor friend Puffeter looked in greater tribulation than when we first discovered him, in the midst of his most appalling Irish adventures, on the very day Erina was found.

Erina—And she is found again to-day, Sir! —What has occurred that does not substantiate *our* claims, Colonel Trolloppe?—And with the greatest deference to all, my dearest and kindest friends, here, may I be permitted to say, that I not only feel, but am reasonably convinced, that I ought no longer to withhold my dutiful respects to the Countess of Kathemere. Whatever may be the event, I cannot love you all better, and I am sure I shall never love you less; and I trust that your beloved instruction and example have had too good an effect upon me, to make me otherwise than resigned and contented: but though I should be never other than Erina Harley, in that dear name you have given me a rank in society, which events so mutual—I hope, my dear Mrs. Harley and Mrs. Elrington, you comprehend my feeling—may make an introduction to Lady Kathemere not improper.

Mrs. Harley—My dear Erina, I am quite of your opinion; if our friends see not otherwise, I shall be very happy to accompany you, and I think this very evening. It will prove to Lady Kathemere that we are not dismayed at what has happened.

The proposition met the sense of the whole of the company. Mrs. Elrington was already acquainted with the Countess; and Mr. Elrington immediately prepared to introduce Mrs. Harley and Erina. The distance was but the next street; and Mr. Elrington directly wrote a line to Lady Kathemere, and received a most anxious and approving answer.

Erina had resolved to be very temperate in her feelings, and most prudent in her expressions; but scarcely had the introduction taken place, and the eyes of the supposed mother and daughter rested on each other's countenance, where the same features might have sat for Thalia and Melpomene, than our warm-hearted heroine rushed forward, and throwing herself into Lady Kathemere's arms, burst into the highest ebullition of joy. In the pure and clear language of Scripture, when Joseph met his father Jacob, so Erina "fell on her neck, and wept on her neck a good while:" and as Lady Kathemere affectionately

pressed her to her heart, she could, in the same expressive language, have said--"Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, my daughter; because thou art yet alive."

Yet little did they say to each other; but most feelingly and kindly did Lady Kathemere address Mrs. Harley; and to the purpose, with equal feelings and plain sense, did Mrs. Harley answer her.

Lady Kathemere had ever been brought up in early life with no other knowledge of morals, or respect for virtue, than the weak, imperfect, and wavering opinion of the proud and the worldly with whom her unhappy lot was cast; and yet in greater ignorance had she been kept of a knowledge of that pure faith and perfect practice which constitute religion. Yet a long course of arts, practised by a consummate villain, with all worldly advantages in his favour, did not succeed, till he asserted that the band of matrimony was dissolved by her husband's total neglect, and more than two years' absence, and that he himself waited only for the tedious process of the Courts of Law to legalize their union, which, after a short tour on the Continent, would be completed. But the first beam of light that shone upon her wretched state, she, by God's good grace,

availed herself of; and the love of virtue soon led to its clear knowledge, and the little seed of religious grace thrived steadily and surely to the harvest. Still she considered herself as an outcast as to this world; and, too often to the feelings of her friends, alluded to her wretched state.

In reply to a most considerate expression of social kindness of Mrs. Harley, Lady Kathemere now made that reference to her early cause of sorrow and seclusion.

To which Mrs. Harley replied—"From the first information we received from our friend and kinsman, Mr. Elrington, of your Ladyship's helpless and afflicted state, you became the unceasing subject of our commiseration and hope. This dear child has been brought up by us to love you, my dear Lady, [*and she took Lady Kathemere's hand*], and that love has increased as we obtained the knowledge of your early misfortune, of God's goodness, and of your noble contrition and long-tried virtuous perseverance. You must not, then, talk again to us of such sad evils, which we trust are passed away, in heaven and in earth, for ever. 'Sufficient for the day,' our blessed Book says, 'is the evil thereof.'—Lady Kathemere, my age surpasses your's more than yours does my sweet Erina's; look then upon me as your mother,

whether or not you ever prove, in the eyes of the law, the mother of our dear Erina, and I will be henceforth her grandmother."

"My mother, my grandmother, my all that's dear, you ever have been, and shall be to me!" said Erina. "If I were exalted to a throne, nothing could separate me in affection from my dearest and earliest friends and benefactors. You have long known, Lady Kathemere, my overflowing debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Elrington, and Mr. and Mrs. Harley, before you could conceive that there ever could be the remotest affinity between us; and whatever may be the event of these law-proceedings, accept us in that love, which is dearer than any more relative ties by which we are bound together, and by which you are endeared to us, by your afflictions, and the knowledge of your worth."

"I am totally, my dear, unworthy of your praise," said Lady Kathemere, very much affected, and scarcely able to speak, "though I hope not of your love."

"Yet, Lady Kathemere," said Mrs. Harley, "if you wish not for our praise, or even our flattery, you must not afflict us by continuing to depreciate yourself. Think better, dear Lady, both of our feelings and our principles."

"Dear Mrs. Harley," said Lady Kathemere, "I thank you for every word you speak. Bear with me a little. I fear already, in full love and confidence to you, you will soon reconcile me to myself."

Mr. Elrington now joined in the conversation; and (though this was intended to be a visit of only a few minutes) as he saw no disposition on the part of any of the ladies to separate, he arranged that Mrs. Harley and Erina should stay and partake of Lady Kathemere's dinner (Mrs. Elrington and her family having dined before they returned from the Court); and he hastened back to his guests with no little anxiety, to hear if any thing had occurred during his absence.

From the moment Mr. Sabine had seen the turn which affairs had taken, and had gone out and brought Lady Kathemere into Court, as he returned with her Ladyship, he beckoned to Mr. Fielder, who accompanied them. Without loss of time, he offered one hundred guineas reward, as he was leaving the Court, to the officers around, for the recovery of the true Dr. Pallatier; and began himself his enquiries at the tavern from whence Dr. Pallatier had proceeded.

Having seen Lady Kathemere safe, they returned into the coffee-room; and Mr. Sabine

said publicly—"Some deceit, gentlemen, has been practised upon a Dr. Pallatier; permit me to ask, if any of the present company have heard the name?"

"I have, twice," said a gentleman near the door, "by two messengers dressed exactly alike, and following one another into this room, and calling aloud for 'Dr. Pallatier;' and in both cases instantly a Dr. Pallatier started forward, and left the room after them. And I have been remarking to my friend here, the strangeness of the circumstance; and have wondered how many more messengers would be coming forward, and how many more Dr. Pallatiers would be called for."

Other gentlemen made similar remarks, and the waiters were questioned; when it soon appeared that a regular messenger of the Court had been sent to the tavern, and entering, called aloud, "Dr. Pallatier!"—upon which instantly a well-dressed foreigner, wrapped in a very fashionable roquelaure, started up, and in an instant departed with the messenger. Within a minute after their regress, a similarly dressed messenger, with his wand in his hand, and his laced and conspicuous hat on his head, entered, and again cried out—"Dr. Pallatier! Dr. Pallatier!"—"He

is coming," said a voice upon the stairs; for it appeared the real Doctor, who was sitting with Lady Kathemere, had been roused at the first summons, and was coming forward. "Are you Dr. Pallatier?" said the messenger. Being answered in the affirmative—"Follow me," said he; and the Doctor followed him.

Thus there could be no doubt that the *first* Dr. Pallatier, the impostor, who was in waiting, was led into Westminster Hall by the *first*, a regular attendant; and, to the satisfaction of all around, stood up the regular witness, whom we have seen and heard.

The *second* Dr. Pallatier was above stairs, and the coast was clear before he could obey the summons; and was led by a mere representative of office, but not a real messenger, into a passage at no considerable distance. "This is the nearest way, *Mounsier*," said the pretended officer, as he entered; and the door instantly closed as Dr. Pallatier followed him, and Dr. Pallatier was seized upon.

The search was now proceeding with astonishing address, vigilance, and caution. Officers of justice were quickly stationed upon the watch in every street in the neighbourhood. Mr. Fielder, who had before become acquainted with many of

the police, proceeded up and down the street with Mr. Sabine, proclaiming a large reward, now increased to three hundred guineas, for the recovery of the real Dr. Pallatier, and a hundred for the apprehension of the other, the impostor.

There was a handsome house at a considerable distance from the spot, and in another street, opposite to which two policemen had been early stationed. The gentleman who conducted the proceedings now came up to Mr. Sabine and Mr. Fielder, and said—"You know the house I pointed out to you; there is a house in this street that has a communication which leads to the other —here it is. You are strangers, and will not be noticed; walk leisurely backwards and forwards before the door, and be watchful of every thing, and particularly of any coach that may stop or pass by. We have found no traces in the other places; here then must be our grand attack, but with the greatest prudence and caution."

Mr. Fielder and Sabine followed the direction.

Great indeed was the surprise, and loud at first the exclamation, of Dr. Pallatier as soon as he was seized. He was ordered, at the peril of his life, to hold his tongue. He was now taken from room to room, and at length through a court into another room, which was indeed another

house. Here he stopped some time, while the persons who had him in custody ascertained if the coast was clear; and a man stood over him with a pistol in his hand. At one time he was taken up-stairs, and preparations were making as if to lift him upon the roof of the house, and he was two or three times very apprehensive of his life. He was in an upper story fronting the street, when a coach drove very leisurely up to the door. He was now distinctly informed—"You are to go away in that coach; remember, the moment that you make the smallest opposition, you are a dead man!"

The search had now actively commenced through the house into which he had first entered; and the party who were with him seemed aware of it.

The street-door was suddenly opened, and he was in an instant in the coach. The driver knew his business, and the lash was laid upon the horses, when Mr. Fielder, who, from the moment the carriage drove up to the door, had kept a steady watch in the front of the horses, sprung forward, and knocked the coachman off his box; in another second he had got the reins in his hands, and in a minute two of the officers of justice were on each side. Dr. Pallatier was quickly rescued; but a

man who was with him in the carriage, was enabled to make his escape. The coachman was seized by Mr. Fielder. Mr. Sabine, though his primary exertions had ensured success, by so quickly rousing the vigilance of the police, yet did not partake of the immediate honour of the seizure; for he had been decoyed into another street by a false alarm, which would completely have succeeded, had it not been for the steadiness of Mr. Fielder, whom nothing could draw away from the station to which he was appointed. His sole energy commenced the rescue, and his voice quickly called back others to their duty, shewing how fit he was elsewhere to command, who here knew how well to obey. The coachman proved to be the faithless servant who had betrayed Mr. Harley; and the man was recognised by Mr. Sabine and Mr. Willisforth (who, after the Court broke up, joined Mr. Sabine), and immediately committed to prison.

These good tidings Mr. Elrington heard as soon as he entered his own house, and he communicated the same immediately to the Countess and her visitors; and very soon afterwards Mr. Sabine and Mr. Willisforth entered, with Mr. Fielder and the Doctor, whose present joy seemed to have overcome all his fears, and whose capture and rescue had occasioned him no injury.

The company now lost no time in sitting down to Mr. Elrington's most desirable and hospitable board.

Colonel Trolloppe's home was as usual at his friend Calamy's house. Mr. Calamy indeed had been suddenly and unavoidably called into Yorkshire, to attend the funeral of a relative, to whose will he had been appointed executor; but such were the established habits of friendship between them, that Mrs. Calamy (for he had been married some years) always received Colonel Trolloppe as a dear brother of her husband. Though these gentlemen were very different in their opinions, it could not be said that they were at all in their principles, nor in their moral practice. They truly exemplified the scriptural proverb—"There is a friend that is dearer than a brother." It may not be amiss to remark that their wives were related, and supposed to be much alike, which induced a celebrated wit to say that—"Calamy would never have met with a wife, if he had not discovered a cousin of Mrs. Trolloppe's."

Perhaps a few of my readers may enquire how the young Earl of Kathemere bore the honours of his victory. He retired alone to his apartments, and would see only (of his own party) Sir Timothy O'Halloran. When the latter congratulated him

upon the event, and remarked—" Now, my Lord, I trust you are satisfied. We have won the citadel at the first onset. The garrison have laid down their arms with scarcely a struggle. Not a man of our own has come into action."

" I fear, Sir Timothy," said he, " we have won it by treachery. If so, we are in a critical situation. There is a mine most assuredly under our feet, that will blow us to pieces in a moment."

After a little serious conversation between them, which Sir Timothy warded off with his natural tact and perseverance, Lord Kathemere remarked—" You are as well convinced as myself, Sir Timothy, that they will try it again. If Dr. Pallatier is an impostor, who made him so?"

" Your Lordship is not willing to see Sir Bedell Wharton, or he would inform you that he has had some personal acquaintance with this Dr. Pallatier; that he does not believe him to be a native Frenchman, but somewhat of an Italian; yet certainly one who has served in the French armies."

" Not a Frenchman! You heard, Sir Timothy, Mr. Harley's suspicions?"

" But we heard nothing of them till the Doctor could not be found; and after the exposure that the able Sergeant elicited in open Court, I

do not fancy we shall see him there again. As, no doubt, his pockets have been well lined, I dare say he will leave the kingdom immediately."

"Then," said Lord Kathemere, rather sarcastically, "we shall, upon the event of another trial, lose the benefit of his testimony."

"No, my Lord, *we* have the means—(Sir Timothy always spoke of himself as a lawyer)—of making that testimony of avail. It has been given in open Court, and will not be lost."

Sir Timothy was here called out of the room, to be informed that the police had succeeded in rescuing a person, who the opposite party asserted was the real Dr. Pallatier. Sir Timothy returned to Lord Kathemere, and did not think it prudent to forbear mentioning the report.

Lord Kathemere made no remark for some time; at length, looking full in Sir Timothy's face, he said, calmly and deliberately—"If all these things are fair and honest on your part, I am undoubtedly the Earl of Kathemere's son; but if there has been, and still are deceptions and falsities, how can you be ignorant of them, Sir Timothy? Of whom then can I get redress? If I am not Lord Kathemere's son, YOU are my FATHER!——Good night, Sir Timothy!" And his Lordship retired into his chamber.

CHAPTER XI.

If Fame had a thousand eyes, ears, wings, mouths, and tongues in Virgil's days, how many has she now?

THE day after the trial a morning paper, of the most respectable intelligence, contained the following report:—

"The great Kathemere cause was decided yesterday evening in favour of Philip, Lord Kathemere, against Colonel Trolloppe, of gallant reputation, who laid claim to the Irish title and property; and Erina Harley (or Wharton, as it was attempted to be proved) a foundling, whose friends claimed for her the English title of Baroness Wharton, and its entailed estates. The whole stress of the case lay in the proof whether or not Erina, as the supposed daughter of Sir Timothy O'Halloran, and Lord Wharton, always educated as Lord Kathemere's son, both of them said to be born in the Castle of Pon-tyrone, in ——, in ——, Ireland, had been exchanged in their infancy. There was no evidence produced to substantiate the supposition that Erina was the child of Sir Timothy, or of any exchange. Lady Kathemere never saw her child after the moment of its birth; but her Ladyship, a daughter of Lord Crooklawn, who has been many years in a state of confinement, said that she thought the child had been born a daughter. A French physician, who had at-

tended her Ladyship's accouchement, was brought forward to attest the same; but his cross-examination produced a contrary testimony. Lady Kathemere has always resided abroad since she left the kingdom with Sir Bedell Wharton; and it was said that she discovered this medical gentleman by accident. There was great confusion in the Court as to the identity of the physician, which does not appear to be a subject of the least consequence; but a Mr. Harley, who had brought up *the heroine* as his adopted child, conducted himself with such violence, that the Judge committed him for a contempt of Court. After the French Doctor had made rather a hasty exit, Counsellor Elrington, who conducted the cause for the Plaintiffs, submitted to be NONSUITED, without calling another witness. Sergeant Blowpipe, who took the lead for the Defendant, did not think it necessary to produce a single witness, though above forty were in attendance. We have heard, after all, that the lady on her part is likely to succeed by another kind of suit. She is said to be very handsome, and old Harley immensely rich."

Old Harley and Erina were much amused by this prime intelligence, and Colonel Trolloppe was very indifferent about it; but Mrs. Harley and Mr. and Mrs. Elrington were so much displeased, that they were almost disposed to have given it an answer. When it was shewn to Mr. Sabine, he merely said, in the words of his favourite Shakespeare—

"A thing devised by the enemy!
"Go, gentlemen, each man unto his charge:
"We'll quickly try their party, what 'tis made of."

Arrangements were commenced, before the friends of Colonel Trollope and Erina separated, for a further prosecution of the suit. Mr. Sabine undertook to provide accommodation for Lady Kathemere and Dr. Pallatier in his own neighbourhood; and as a check against any further tricks of deceit, it was resolved that a police officer from the Bow-street department should be requested to attend, and be provided with lodgings in the town till the next trial was over.

Mr. Elrington, as a return for the great attention that he had received from Mr. Fielder in Ireland, had insisted that Mr. Fielder should be his own guest in London. Mr. Fielder mentioned the necessity of his returning to Dublin; and the whole arrangement concerning the Irish witnesses was left to him, except that Dennis Heaphy was to occupy his old quarters with his former protector and countryman.

Mr. Harley now thought it necessary to enquire of Lord Kathemere whether his Lordship would wish to open the turret, and investigate its contents; but his Lordship replied, that as he understood the suit concerning the titles and property would be revived, he thought it had better be delayed till the final termination. He lamented the noxious paragraph that had ap-

peared in that most veracious of papers, and professed himself willing, if Mr. Harley and Erina wished, to send a contradiction to it. This was declined as quite unnecessary; and the communications between them, in every respect, passed with that kind feeling for each other's worth, as if the latter part of the paragraph had been most true.

But there was an individual with whom no one sympathized—no one even joined him in his proud and offended feelings—Colonel Crooklawn. He retired to his mess; and there also, though "the king of the company," he met with cold and repulsive politeness. The exposure of his unfeeling heart and selfish passions, of his pride and his meanness, and the actual fact that he had supplicated both parties, and been cut by both, was already whispered among his associates. We leave him to the rankling of those wounds in his reputation, in which there was nothing elastic and sanative to cast them off.

Our senior High Sheriff, who had felt such dismay at the result, was, in his interview with his friends the next morning, restored to all his buoyant eccentricity, and flattering hopes.—"Peter was himself again!"

Mr. Puffeter informed them that, having got

possession of the pocket-book of the spurious Dr. Pallatier, he had refused to give it up, either to the great Mr. Farridan, or the learned Sergeant Blowpipe himself; but that he had tied it together safely with red tape, and affixed the Sergeant's own seal to it, that it might be produced immaculate at the next trial.

"Mr. Puffeter," said Erina, "if I have lost, you have gained; for I am certain that you'll obtain the honour of knighthood, before you are out of your shrievalty, for your admirable behaviour in your office."

Mr. Puffeter—You are always very flattering to me, Miss Erina.

Erina—I am always most susceptible of your merits, Mr. Puffeter. You are one of my first friends, and you will have it in your power to make a Lady before I shall be made one.

Mr. Puffeter—If I were not five-and-thirty years older than you, Miss Erina, I need not say what my answer ought to be.

Mr. Elrington—Among the gifts and honours in your disposal, my friend, it would not be the first time that you have given one of my family (in which I always include Erina) a good husband. And here we have all to thank you for giving Mr. Pearson a share in the concern.

It is proper here to explain, that Mrs. Elrington's faithful servant and nursemaid, who had also nursed Erina, had been so highly extolled by Mr. Puffeter in the presence of his foreman, Mr. William Pearson, that, being very anxious to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, he had contrived to get acquainted with the fair damsel, and in due course of time, with the approbation of all masters and mistresses, Jemima Farley became Mrs. Pearson.—Mr. Pearson's favour increased with his master; and Mr. Puffeter had lately provided that he should be taken as a minor partner in the old firm. To this Mr. Elrington alluded; and it may be as well to add, that Mrs. Jemima Pearson was one of the witnesses who was to have proved Mr. Elrington's first taking charge of Erina.

Mr. Harley had not returned home many days before he received a parcel enclosing a letter from the Earl of Kathemere. The letter informed him of the death of Lady O'Halloran: the other paper was a copy of the late Lord Kathemere's will, in which he left every thing to the present Earl, not only as his son and heir, but for his tried and long dutiful attention to him; and he was enjoined to pay £10,000 to the daughter of Sir Timothy O'Halloran, who

had been so strangely carried away from Pontyrone Castle, in case she was ever discovered. He begged Lady Kathemere's forgiveness of the whole of his conduct towards her, and her acceptance of some jewels. He left a few hundreds to the persons who were about him; and earnestly entreated his wife, his son, and all his friends, to return into "the bosom of the only true Church."—This will was made immediately after he had made profession of the Roman Catholic faith; and a thousand pounds for spiritual purposes were left to the holy Fathers who had been instrumental in his own conversion. The present Earl remarked, that as his father had taken no notice concerning any thing contained in the turret at Field House, he had no wish to alter his opinion of opening the same till the present disputed titles and possessions were finally settled. A very obliging answer was of course returned to this communication.

Sir Harry Fellowes had been accustomed to make a present every year to his friend Willisforth's eldest daughter; but in other respects he forbore any particular attention: indeed, as she grew up to womanhood, he treated her with as much deference as her mother. Yet Willisforth and his wife could not fail to notice the pleasure

they took in each other's society; therefore they were not much surprised this year, when the annual present came, to find only a single letter with a matrimonial offer, literally fulfilling the idle talk of his youth. When they spoke to their daughter on the subject, they found nothing could be more agreeable to her own feelings; and a week had not passed from the day of trial, before Mr. Willisforth informed his friends, the Harleys.

As Mr. Willisforth returned home, Erina walked with him as far as the church-yard: they then parted, and Erina crossed a field which led into the road, and would bring her to that part of the village where her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parsloe and Mrs. Clements lived. She had not proceeded above half-way along the foot-path before she observed a horseman intently looking over a high gate, which was strongly made, and always fastened, to prevent depredations from the passers-by.

She was turning round, not chusing to get over such a gate in the presence of a stranger, when she saw the horseman draw back; and she had scarcely time even to think that he had continued his way, at the moment that he came with a flying leap over the gate. She was somewhat

startled, yet not at all apprehensive; but what was her surprise, when in a moment she discovered that he was Major Roustane!

He alighted; and after each had expressed their pleasure at the meeting, Erina said—"But your coming to England, Major Roustane, at this time, and on horseback, and leaping that very high gate, is all a mystery."

Major R.—You were turning away, Miss Harley, and I did not think it proper to call after you. The horse I bought in town; and I came to England, because—because—I read in a London paper, that——

Erina—Oh, I understand you, but not exactly. Was it, as a lawyer, to give me fresh advice; or as a friend, to sympathize in my disappointment?

Major R.—I need not say the last, Miss Harley. Legal advice, I presume, is not required: the case is over. Nothing I see, nothing I know, can make you otherwise than you are.—Mr. and Mrs. Harley, I hope, are well, and that the subject has not occasioned them——

Erina—Affliction? Not at all, I assure you. It was very good of you to come over from France, to see how we all were after our misadventures; it was very *prudent* of you——

Major R.—Prudent, Miss Harley! I should be very sorry that prudence should be a check upon any action of my life, if you were at all concerned in it.

"I am very much obliged to you, Sir," said Erina, dropping him a curtsey, and speaking very gravely; "and I am sure your practice has proved your words, by leaping that gate, when, in a minute's time, you might have come round and spoken to me."

Major Roustane saw a boy at a little distance, and, calling to him, gave him the charge of his horse, to lead him round to Mr. Harley's stables.

"So then," said Erina, "you don't mean to leap back again?"

The boy was present, and he only answered that if she would permit him, he would attend her home on foot.

The boy went round with the horse, and Major Roustane and Erina proceeded along the footpath into the same road that she had walked with Mr. Willisforth.

Erina—You were enquiring of my dear Mr. and Mrs. Harley, Major Roustane. I am happy to inform you that they are no more afflicted by the untoward circumstances that you read in the

papers, than, I hope you are convinced, I myself am.

Major R.—But Mr. Harley's arrest—so nervous as he is!

Erina—His arrest gave him about as much concern as the leaping of the gate has given you. He was released immediately. He is like a bow; string it tight, and it will carry very well.

Major R.—And Mrs. Harley?

Erina—We were all present. Mrs. Harley is always an heroine, in the very best sense of the word. *She* never *leaps* before she *looks*.

Major R.—Your hit here, Miss Harley, is incorrect. *I* leaped, *because* I looked; and certainly should not have leaped, if I had not looked beforehand. May I conclude, then, that the account which I saw in the papers is not true?

Erina—What account?

The Major named the paper from which we have given the memorable paragraph.

Erina—I can't say much of the untruth of the story—it is a little warped. *Mr. Harley* denies the immense riches; and *I* wonder at the Editor's intelligence concerning my likelihood of success.—But here comes *old* Harley to meet me, and he'll not be a little astonished at seeing you.

Mr. Harley came up; and having declared his pleasure and amazement, and heard the mind of Major Roustane as well as he could express it, upon his state of apprehension and uncertainty, he said—"If you had not been quite so hasty, Roberte, you might, in four-and-twenty hours, have met with another version of the affair; for I did not fail to write to you the particulars, and all our feelings, and all our opinions of the final issue, the very day after the trial."

Major R.—I will honestly say, Sir, that if there was any thing in your letter to have prevented my coming, I am very glad that I came without it.

Mr. Harley—But, my dear fellow, though I am most heartily glad to see you, I don't understand how you can serve us in this business?

Erina—I have been asking the same question, papa?

Major R.—I'll fight on the defensive no longer, Mr. Harley. You and your beloved adopted daughter know as well as myself what has actually and really brought me to England at this time. I will not pretend insensibility to any thing that concerns you. While honours and fortune smile, I can restrain myself at a distance; and for your benefit I hope I should be

enabled to resign my own presumptuous thoughts. I am but the soldier of Fortune, and the son of a peasant; and it would be wisdom, if not duty, that I should keep out of the influence of entailed birth and its rights—magnets repellent to my humble state. But when I thought ill-fortune, and what the world calls degradation, had befallen those whom I most love and revere, I could not but be anxious to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, and to say—whatever the world may think, whatever the world may determine—I am most devoted to you and your interest; and I feel myself bound the dearer to you, the more the great world is separated from you. With these feelings am I come over to England; with these feelings would I now express the warmest wishes of my heart. And if you, Mr. Harley, and Mr. Elrington, and every friend Miss Harley can boast, do not believe that I, with the *greater* devotion and *more* determined perseverance, would offer myself to her acceptance if she had lost every prospect of honours, wealth, and friends, and was the daughter of a beggar—and if she was proved to be the unhappy child of the poor creature, who, in Mr. Elrington's sight, miserably perished upon the common—than I do at this uncertain moment of her fortunes; if, I say, she, and

you, and all her friends, do not believe that I love her for herself alone, I earnestly entreat that neither you nor her dear self will ever have another word to say to me.

Erina and Mr. Harley were both very much affected. The spirit of badinage fled. Erina, with a seriousness, very uncommon to her, gave him her hand, and said—"My dear friend, think the best of us."

Mr. Harley presently recovered his usual playful tone, and very warmly shaking his hand, said, parodying at the moment the well-known answer of Henry the Fifth to the Chief Justice—

"Friend Roberte, you are right, and argue well:
"Still bear our humours, and accept our love.
"And I do wish your honours may increase,
"Till I do live to see——

Humph! I mean, till you are a Lord, and Erina is a Lady."

This scene took place in the churchyard; and Erina now remarked that she wanted to call at Mrs. Clements's shop before she returned home. Both the gentlemen attended her.

Mrs. Clements—"How do you do, Major Roustane?" and her look at Erina, even while she spoke, plainly alluded to her prophetic quotation of a passage from Scripture.—"So, Sir," con-

tinued Mrs. Clements, "you find us all in good heart!—Mr. Harley never undertakes a thing that he does not finish it."

"So says my friend Elrington, Mrs. Clements; but he does not always give me credit for a successful termination. But you must recollect this law-case is no brat of my seeking: I am very well satisfied with Erina, as she first came into my hands."

"Ah, Sir!" said Mrs. Clements, "right is right; and you may depend upon it, Miss Erina will be proved to be the Lady of our manor."

CHAPTER XII.

The vices of the great are supported by the very persons who ought to suppress them.

After a little cross-questioning from Mr. Harley, who (since his experience in a Court of Law) was become an adept in such matters, Major Roustane acknowledged that his obtaining leave to come to England at this period, was not only inconvenient, but somewhat improper. As many weeks must elapse before another trial could be ohtained, he saw the necessity of yielding to Mr. Harley's suggestions, and taking leave of his English friends;—to this he the more willingly acquiesced, upon Erina's not refusing to receive a letter from him. His horse, a new purchase in London, he resolved to take to France with him. In London, he called upon the Earl of Kathemere, and delayed his journey a day longer for the sake of his company; when mutual professions of friendship, built upon a knowledge of each other's high moral worth, passed between them.

Erina, Mr. and Mrs. Harley, and a few of their mutual friends, frequently saw the Countess of Kathemere. She lived very retired, and kept no carriage; but she walked very often in her garden, to which exercise she had been accustomed at the Convent. Her faithful servant still lived with her, more indeed as a companion than a servant. Mr. Sabine was her most frequent visitor: to him she expressed her decided resolution, young as she was, not yet being forty years of age, never again to mingle with the gay and the great world. Mr. Sabine's deep knowledge of human nature, and his clear and unbiassed view of the Christian faith, which he saw only through the Book of God, were of the greatest service to her, as they fixed her principles, and confirmed her practice.

Probably Lady Kathemere might have lived for years in the immediate neighbourhood, and never have been known in any degree to Mr. and Mrs. Harley, but from the circumstances that had brought her into such near connection with one so very dear to them; for Mr. Harley, with a heart full of forgiveness and love for his penitent fellow-creatures, felt an horror at any kind of association with vice, presuming on its wealth, its station, and its titles. When such had crossed

his path in life, he has said to his wife—"I have no doubt they are sorry for the former occurrences, and wish them to be forgotten and forgiven; and we, Biddy, will never remember them to their disadvantage. But we cannot altogether forget that such things were, and these great ones are out of our sphere; we are of another and a humbler grade, and we will keep ourselves to our own cast."

And at the earliest opening of those prospects which now shone upon our heroine, he had had a great deal of conversation with Sabine upon the subject; on that part particularly, I mean, upon which I am now commenting: his mind, therefore, and that of his amiable wife, were completely set at rest by the *acknowledged* contrition and humility of the Countess of Kathemere.

His conversation with her always "breathed peace to her soul;" and one day she said to him—"Since prospects of worldly happiness are now opening before me, with the greater vigilance must I look to my conduct, that I am not tempted from that line of behaviour which may mark my sense of my own frailty. If I have children or grandchildren that can own me, I should wish them to notice my life, and to ask—'Why does Lady Kathemere seclude herself from general society,

and is never to be seen in public assemblies, unless it be in places of religious worship?'—and I should wish them to be answered—'Lady Kathemere was married in early life to a nobleman, of whose character she had no knowledge; he deserted her, and she was left in a state of banishment, and almost personal confinement. A wicked and insinuating man took advantage of this, and at length seduced Lady Kathemere from her duty. But the moment she came to a right sense of the unhappy connection, she broke it off; and from that time she lives the life you notice, because she wishes it to be understood that she is conscious of her improper conduct; and that, however ill she might have been used by her husband—however neglected she might have been by her relations, she ought not to have yielded to any arguments, but borne with patience and resignation her sufferings, till she could find the means of extrication.'—It may be said, Mr. Harley—'if I am reconciled to my God, and the world is disposed to pass over my early faults, why should I remind it of them?'—I rather hope my mode of life will remind it of my penitence. My friends and dear relations at least will see in what light I consider sin—that the remembrance of it is grievous, and does not pass over my mind like a shadow. In short, I

hope, by God's grace, that the sad example which I have added to the awful list of Peeresses of Great Britain who have brought disgrace upon their religion and their country, may be counteracted by the whole of my subsequent conduct."

Mr. Harley, in reference to this conversation, expressed to his friend Mr. Sabine his high opinion of the principles of the Countess of Kathemere, and her prudent conduct.—"It is the contrary behaviour," said he, "that so debases the higher ranks of life, and is very fast bringing our English nobility to a level with those upon the Continent."

Sabine—The higher the example, the more destructive it is to the morals of the country. The Court of George III., at one time, was perhaps the most correct that had ever been seen in Europe.

Harley—I don't think the nation has ever done justice to the virtues of the late Queen of George III. The marriage of the Prince of Wales first introduced that corruption of which I complain; and what a woman was his Queen to be a popular character!

Sabine—A young man of rank, after he leaves the University now, never meets with a friendly monitor.

Harley—The worst is, that they who ought

to be the monitors, are the very first to play the sycophants. The priests look up to preferment in the family ; the laymen to Borough influence, Court influence, and ministerial influence ; and every one in the household is to be conciliated—not only the heir, but the younger sons ; the very butler and the valet! Every one's good word, who can possibly come to speak to the great man, must be propitiated.

Sabine—Since the days of Cranmer's subserviency to Henry VIII., I don't remember an instance of an Archbishop of Canterbury, whose zeal has been greater than his discretion; though there has been room enough for reproof for gross and palpable breaches of most of the commandments, if a Nathan or a Gad were to have been found. Certainly our Prelates have played the courtier with more art and dissimulation since the Reformation.

Harley—It may be so ; but Burnet, you remember, wrote an admirable letter of advice to Charles II.

Sabine—Nor do I forget that Porteus, Bishop of London, wrote to the Prince of Wales, our present King, upon some fashionable habits that he believed interfered with the morals ; and the Prince, with that good taste for which he is con-

spicuous, listened to the admonition of his Diocesan.

Harley—This Prince has oftentimes shewn himself amenable to good advice, when it had been given in sincerity and truth. I remember instances of Thurlow and of Eldon having great influence over him.

Sabine—What might not our great Churchmen achieve, if they, first of all, sought the favour of the King of kings? A Bishop of London broached the doctrine that the King could do no wrong, morally as well as politically; and he was right, if he meant that his spiritual directors would so attend to his morals, that, upon the first appearance of error, he should be reproved, advised, and directed, and the intention should be frustrated before it could become an act.

Harley—The middle ranks of life are not much in want of admonition; and I think it would be a great improvement of our Constitution, if a certain number of the Bishops were appointed as censors on the morals of the King and his Peers, and were made answerable to the State, as the King's political Counsellors are.

Sabine—Or as his bodily Physicians.

Harley—It would be an amusing scene to have the Bishop of ——— called before the

House, because of the notoriety of the Duke of ———'s conduct in deserting his wife, and keeping some fashionable actress; or of Lord ——'s seduction of his neighbour's wife or daughter; or because he has not reproved the Earl of ——, for conniving at his wife's, or at his son's dissipation and ruinous habits.

Sabine—Our titled adultresses, I think, would no longer flaunt it in public; nor their yet more to be condemned husbands be suffered with impunity to reap the rewards of iniquity.

Harley—The Roman Censors in their days, I believe, degraded the Patricians from their rank, who had disgraced themselves by their vices and immoralities. The women of rank at Rome for many years were signal examples of the moral and domestic virtues.

Sabine—I am not aware of any nation by whom they were surpassed, except the Jews.

Harley—We have little knowledge of the influence of the Priesthood among them.

Sabine—The High Priests were not a separate body from the State.

Harley—I believe military rank, and all the Roman rank was military, gave both priestly and legal honours. Cæsar was Pontifex Maximus; so were all the Emperors.

Sabine—Our King is the head of the Church and Army, as well as the State.

Harley—But he does not officiate, as the Roman General did.

Sabine—I believe that there were more moral reproof and open condemnation of vice among them than there are among ourselves. How were the Catalines and Clodiuses spoken of in the Roman Senate?

Harley—Probably, if the reproof be not so open among ourselves, there is a tacit condemnation among our Peers and Peeresses.

Sabine—Yes. I have been told that there are a great many noble families to whom these highly fashionable Lords and Ladies can get no access. I think the Duke of Newcastle's letter, in allusion to what Sir Francis Burdett said of him in the House of Commons, is a proof. The Duke strongly portrays political quackery and moral delinquency.

Harley—I wish our nobility would oftener come forward with their sentiments, and openly discountenance all those illegitimate connections, spurious and adulterous marriages, and the panders to them, which, in every good man's mind, bring a disgrace on all parties. Where is their *pride?* where their *pretended grade?* By the

bye, here are some lines I have written on *the Grade*,* of which I will make you a present, and flatter myself you will be much pleased with them.

Sabine—Thank you—I will read them at my leisure. But what think you of our Lordlings marrying celebrated singers and actresses, and living upon the public exhibition of their wives?

Harley—I think they are alike to be pitied and condemned: pitied in that they are such abject slaves to a certain style of living, that all the ties of honourable feeling are torn asunder to gratify their wants; and they must surely be condemned for their meanness of spirit. Yet the poorest Lord that ever sat down to his mutton-chop, which my Lady, under the alias of Miss ————, has just earned, is a high and honourable character, in comparison of those who "walk, and talk, and sit down" with these titled adulterers and adultresses, and thus corrupt the highest source of moral society. Here is Colonel Crooklawn marrying his sister to one of the most infamous characters in the kingdom, for the sake of a seat in an Irish Borough; and if his sister had accepted the protection of a Prince of the Blood, or some foreign Potentate, who could have

---

* See the end of the Volume for lines on "*the Grade*."

advanced the Colonel's interests, he would have fought *for* him, instead of *with* him.

Sabine—The Colonel's fighting days are over: he can no longer bolster up his reputation by a duel. I am told that his late examination and cross-examination have produced no few remarks in other regiments, and no little silence, which is a sad omen, in his own.

Harley—I heard that a bet was laid at a celebrated gaming-house in St. James's Street, that he was no Lieutenant Colonel of the ——— this time twelvemonths. He is an acquaintance of mine, you know; so, as I like to have pictures of my friends, I have sent for a caricature that is come out of his celebrated examination. It is entitled "The *Crooked* Colonel's Honour—(punning upon his name, and alluding to his lameness)—pulled straight between two Lawyers." The time is the moment Persiflayer says —"Thank you, Elrington, for that last question." Elrington is saying—"Were you admitted, Colonel C———, to an interview with either of the parties?" Some people say—"No; they all cut him." The Colonel says—"My Lord, my honour is in your hands." Some one behind the Colonel says—"You'll never get it again." Our friend the High Sheriff is intro-

duced, saying—"I had a pop at it once, and knocked it down." Another adds—"It has been often put up to the highest bidder, as the electors of Katherick very well know." And they tell me there is a figure to represent myself, headed *Old Hardy*, not a little violent in gesture and manner, and a speech proceeds from his mouth also—"Commit him, commit him, my Lord; don't punish the honest man, and let the rogues escape."

Sabine—I shall not be satisfied with your description, Mr. Harley, or with seeing your caricature; I must get one myself.

This conversation between Mr. Harley and Mr. Sabine occurred as they were walking up and down the terrace, which is in the centre of Doubletown, and which is about a hundred yards from the mansion that Lady Kathemere inhabited. They had both of them that morning visited her Ladyship; they were therefore somewhat surprised at her footman approaching them, to say that her Ladyship wished to speak to them.

Her Ladyship was evidently endeavouring to suppress her agitation. She desired them to be seated, apologized for having sent to them, and then added—"Since you favoured me with a visit this morning, I have received that letter

upon the table. Will you read it, and give me an answer?—for I have neither words, nor sentiments, nor feelings, that I would chuse to give vent to in a reply. But I conclude that it ought to be noticed."

Lady Kathemere now left the room, and they read—

"*Private and confidential.*

"If the most undeviating respect, with the utmost contrition and remorse, can find forgiveness from Lady Kathemere—if a deeply-wounded heart, which breathes only to repair the wrongs it may (though never for a moment wilfully) have committed, can meet compassion in her breast—the too-well-known name of Sir Bedell Wharton will be read by Lady Kathemere with remembrance that would blot out the evil, and establish the good.

"He throws himself at her feet with all the humility and devotion that are due to an earthly sufferer and saint. He wishes, in the most honourable and loyal sense, to be allowed to offer every reparation in the power of his name and station; and he asks only to be admitted to state fully to herself alone, or before any select friend

of her own, (he requires no witness on his part), or even to be allowed to state in writing, the arts and deceptions that on all sides surrounded himself, and the means in his power of establishing the rights of herself, and of those most dear to her."

"What," said Mr. Harley, "does the elder Baronet wish to turn King's evidence?"

"I conceive so," replied Mr. Sabine, "if he can get his terms."

"This precious epistle must be answered," remarked Mr. Harley.

"No doubt," responded the other; "and we shall not have much variety of opinion about the answer.—Mr. Harley, will you be so kind as to write down a couple of sentences? I'll venture to say they'll meet the mind of the Countess."

Mr. Harley wrote—

"The Countess of Kathemere desires it to be understood, that nothing will be private or confidential to her, from the opinion of two or three friends.

"She declines any communication with Sir Bedell Wharton; and wishes him that peace of mind and heavenly hope which faithful remorse,

contrition, and reparation will assuredly meet, where alone they can be known."

Lady Kathemere presently returned. She approved of the answer; but, expressing some doubt whether it would be decisive, Mr. Sabine said—"If it be agreeable to you, my Lady, I will deliver it to him, and tell him a few of those truths which, for the future, will most assuredly prevent your being troubled with any further correspondence."

This offer was very satisfactory to her Ladyship, and coincided with the sentiments of Mr. Harley on the subject.

As they again took leave of the Countess, and walked away together, Mr. Harley added—"Remember, my friend, who Sir Bedell Wharton is—one of the finest gentlemen of the day, and the most artful and most unprincipled."

CHAPTER XIII.

"*A word* in season, how good it is!"

Mr. Sabine, according to the address in Sir Bedell Wharton's letter, prepared to wait upon him with Lady Kathemere's reply.

He knocked at the large folding doors of one of the first houses of one of the most handsome squares in the metropolis. He expected to have been answered by a regular porter, but a maid-servant came to the door.

"Is Sir Bedell Wharton at home?" said Mr. Sabine.

"At home!" said the female; "he is not living here; but if you have any thing to leave, he will safely receive it."

"I wish to speak to him," remarked Mr. Sabine. "Can you tell me where he is to be met with?"

"We take in his letters, and his servant comes every morning for them; or you may step in and write to him, if you like," replied the

woman, looking carefully at Mr. Sabine, and judging favourably of his physiognomy.

"I *must* see him, and speak to him," said Mr. Sabine; "and if I accepted your obliging offer, and wrote to him, it would be only to ask for a personal interview."

Mr. Sabine's civil reply had its effect upon the woman: she asked him to walk into a room for a few moments, and left him. The room was unfurnished, except a small table and a couple of chairs. She immediately returned, and gave him a card—"Sir Bedell Wharton, Baronet, —— Hotel, —— Street."

"This house I suppose is to be let?" asked Mr. Sabine, "and Sir Bedell is now about to take it?"

"It is to be let, Sir," replied the female; who added, with a slight smile, "I don't believe that Sir Bedell has any thoughts of taking it."

At the hotel he found Sir Bedell, and was shewn into a moderate-sized room, which Mr. Sabine, who knew the range of such apartments, was convinced was adjoining to a smaller bedroom.

Sir Bedell soon came to him.

Mr. Sabine, without a word, delivered him the letter.

"I presume, Sir," said Sir Bedell, "you know the contents?"

"Perfectly, Sir Bedell; my name is Sabine, and I have the honour to say that I am one of the friends of whom her Ladyship speaks."

"However I lament the contents," said Sir Bedell, in the mildest tone, and with a suavity of manner that was enough to excite an interest in his favour before the most prejudiced person, "I am obliged to her Ladyship for sending it by so respectable a messenger; and I am obliged to you, Mr. Sabine, for the trouble I have occasioned you; for I fear my address may have misled you."

"Yes, I called at ————," replied Mr. Sabine, "where I received your card."

"At the time of my writing," said Sir Bedell ——"I beg you will be seated, Mr. Sabine—I must detain you a moment, while I apologize and explain——at the time of my writing, I had strong intentions of taking that house, which is my friend Lord Durempton's, and to which I should have removed my establishment immediately, for it is —it is partly furnished; but his Lordship, who is gone to France, will not grant me a lease of it."—A slight pause ensued, when the Baronet continued—"May I be permitted to ask, Mr.

Sabine—while I can only lament that my offers of service are declined—after the health of Lady Kathemere?"

Mr. Sabine gave a favourable answer.

"Mr. Sabine!" said Sir Bedell, with a solemnity that could not fail of its effect, "I wish you and every friend of the Countess could see my heart, as it feels in every pore against the injuries which that most matchless woman has sustained. I acknowledge, and repent me, that I had not smothered my guilty flame!—The guilt is all my own!—But, Sir, it was Colonel Crooklawn that was the cause of all our guilt: he would not see, would not answer, would not in any way provide for his sister's protection. I could not desert my station: he compelled me to remain—he kept me in endless temptation——Oh Mr. Sabine, if he had come, had acted as a brother, the Countess might have divorced herself from my wretched kinsman; and I had been spared, and she had been spared, the recollection of all those arts and duplicity which, I confess, I was constrained to have recourse to. Oh, Sir, you see what the Countess is *now!*—Conceive what she was *then!*—Was I not fascinated—was it in the power of such a mortal as I was, in edu-

cation, in habits, in unreflecting youth, to withstand the temptation?"

Sir Bedell was so affected by the pathos which his own words had created, that he abruptly rose, and hastened through the door that Mr. Sabine supposed led into his bed-chamber.

Mr. Sabine's feelings also were greatly excited. The scene had, in every respect, been so different from that he had expected, that his indignation against Sir Bedell was already converted into pity.

In less than a minute the Baronet returned; apologized for his sudden departure, talked of a letter that he could not immediately lay his hands upon, and changed the conversation by asking Mr. Sabine if he were acquainted with the present Earl of Kathemere. Being answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Sabine having spoken highly in his Lordship's favour, Sir Bedell replied—"I cannot blame him that he will not yet receive my visits:—whatever may be the final result, he is worthy to be the son of Lady Kathemere. But I need not complain, when his displeasure is still more fixed against the Colonel, his uncle. I am now convinced, Mr. Sabine, that in the meeting between me and the Colonel, I did not my duty:

I confess to you, Sir, that in the very act of firing off my pistol—at the very moment that my second said—'Aim lower!'—I, recollecting that the person was Lady Kathemere's brother, elevated my pistol, or I certainly might have silenced this faithless and unfeeling man."

The first subject of remorse of Sir Bedell, that he had abused the confidence of a noble lady, and seduced her from her duty, appeared natural enough to Mr. Sabine; but the second, that he had wilfully spared the life of his adversary in a duel, was not so congenial to the old gentleman's feelings, nor created any additional sympathy for the sufferer.

There was one impression that Sir Bedell was anxious to make on the mind of Lady Kathemere, and all his thoughts tended to this: therefore he was availing himself of this opportunity of the communication, which he had no doubt would be made by her agent in the present case, *to represent his devotion to her*. After, therefore, his confession of his aberration from strict justice, in not blowing Colonel Crooklawn's brains out, because he was her Ladyship's brother, he continued—"You and Lady Kathemere's friends, Mr. Sabine, have doubtless heard of the late Lord Kathemere's delinquencies; but her

Ladyship's mind is too pure and delicate, even if she knew one-half of his turpitude, to relate it to any one. Very soon after her marriage he contrived to dismiss her waiting-maid, and introduced into that situation a mistress of his own. The Countess in a little while declined her services; and when he afterwards took his wife down to Pon-tyrone Castle, the housekeeper was of the same demoralized grade. You know, Sir, my grandfather was the third Lord Kathemere. Lady Kathemere's husband's father and my father were brothers: hence sprung the family attachment. My father was not born in wedlock, but the whole family acknowledged him, and obtained for him a Baronetcy; and on account of an estate that was left to him, being afterwards proved to be entailed upon the property, I have an annuity of £1000 a year. I state these facts, Mr. Sabine, to counteract any false reports you may have heard concerning my annuity and my connection with the late Earl. If his papers are ever made public, and my letters to him are produced, it will be seen how truly and faithfully I advised him—how earnestly and feelingly I represented the cruelty of his early conduct towards the Countess. I know too well that the idle and profligate badinage in his letters to me may be interpreted against

my most honourable principles and conduct. I believe the Countess has read them in that light; but this was the manner in which he always discoursed to every one, insinuating that they were all as unprincipled as himself, distorting and misinterpreting their words and actions; and if you replied and confuted him—if you stated facts to the contrary, he turned it all off with a laugh of incredulity and self-satisfaction."

Mr. Sabine, who had come prepared to meet a man of consummate art and pleasing manners, and had expected a very different turn to the conversation, found that he had nothing to answer—that there was no proposition submitted to him to which he could even give a refusal; and he was about to take his leave, when Sir Bedell's servant brought in a tray with sandwiches, cold tongue, and other trifles; and as he presented it to Mr. Sabine, said—"Would you please to have a glass of Burgundy, Champagne, or old Hock, Sir? There are hot and cold waters, and Seidlitz and Soda waters, Sir; and any soups, if you chuse, Sir?"

Mr. Sabine could not do otherwise than feel himself flattered with this attention; and, for politeness' sake, took a biscuit and a sip of cold water, declining, as was his custom, all the other good things.

The Baronet, merely mentioning that the soups were all ready, did not further press his hospitality; but the moment the man left the room, said—"I could, Mr. Sabine, bring facts to your notice, which I believe would give you a very different opinion of the person who is now addressing you, from that which you must, without my arraigning any one, have received. But I forbear intruding upon your time: yet it is proper, since I have been favoured with this interview with you, to state that I was not at Pon-tyrone Castle at the time of Lady Kathemere's accouchement, and did not arrive there till the commencement of the sporting season. What my knowledge of the daughter of Mr. O'Halloran, or the son of Lord Kathemere, may be, can be little known to any one but myself. About the time of my arrival it was that Mrs. O'Halloran's wet-nurse went away."

"Wet-nurse!" said Mr. Sabine, who, from the plausibility of all that had been said, was taken by surprise; "we never heard of a wet-nurse before."

Then, recovering his caution, he paused; and Sir Bedell also guardedly replied—"Wet-nurse, I cannot say. I speak with ignorance of particulars. I mean to say, Sir, that the girl, who

ran away with the child, was taken into the family (as some told me) *just before* my arrival at the Castle."

Mr. Sabine, now in complete possession of his thoughts, replied far from the mark.—" Pontyrone Castle, I understand, is a large building, and many separate families inhabit it?"

" Yes," replied the Baronet; " it is surrounded by the river; and the enclosed area, which is all called the Castle, is larger than the Castle of London, or the Tower, as it is called. The apartments appropriated to my use were equidistant from those of the O'Hallorans and those which the Kathemere family inhabited."

As Mr. Sabine saw no likelihood of returning to the subject that he wished, and as he was resolved not to betray the clue afforded him, he was preparing to depart, when Sir Bedell added —" May I beg the favour of your address, if I should have any thing to communicate?"

Mr. Sabine replied—" After the obliging manner that you have received me, Sir Bedell, I cannot refuse you;" and he gave him his card.

—" But, as I am a mere agent, I am constrained to add that, whatever you may think proper to communicate, I shall at once lay before the other friends of the Countess."

"I submit to your discretion, Sir," said the Baronet; and the gentlemen separated, with no great intellectual advantage on the part of either, unless it be upon the one treasured idea, that among the witnesses on both sides of the question, a wet-nurse had at no time been mentioned.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Take any form but that!"

Mr. Sabine called on Mr. Elrington; and, with a sketch of his interview with Sir Bedell Wharton, gave the watch-word to him.

He expressed his surprise; for he had always considered that the supposed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran had been brought up by hand, and that Milly Maclene alone had had the feeding of it. The child of the O'Hallorans was about seven months old at the time of the birth of Lady Kathemere's; yet many months after, the former child now appeared to have been nursed by a wet-nurse, though Moggy Maclene had always asserted that she alone had had the care of it till she took the charge of that of Lady Kathemere.—Who then was the nurse?—She could not be Moggy Maclene, because she left the O'Halloran family, and went to London or Paris with Lord Kathemere and the boy, in a few days after the birth of Lady Kathemere's child.—She could

not be Milly, according to the statement of Sir Bedell, that he was not at the Castle when the Countess was delivered, and that Milly Maclene received the charge of the child about the time of his arrival.—Who then nursed this supposed daughter of the O'Hallorans, from the departure of Moggy Maclene till the commencement of the next sporting season, a space of at least five or six months?

To discover this good woman was the problem, for which Mr. Elrington now wrote to Ireland; and Mr. Sabine returned home the same evening to question Dennis Heaphy, who, they understood, waited upon Sir Bedell at the time: yet Dennis had never made any mention of this woman.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Sabine arrived at home; but he walked immediately from the coach to the house of Thomas Macqueen, where Dennis lodged.

He found the family in great confusion. He met the landlord in the passage.

Mr. Sabine—What is the matter, Thomas?

T. Macqueen—Oh, Mr. Sabine! I am so glad that your Honour is come. We have sent to your house twice. Dennis, Sir, came home frightened out of his wits; and all we can get from him is

that he had seen a ghost, which told him that he had not long to live.

Mr. Sabine—Where did this ghost appear?

T. Macqueen—He had been, your Honour, to the Priest's, to confess; and a sweet and a clean confession he made of it, as the worthy Priest says, who is now with him in the room where he sleeps.

Mr. Sabine—But where did this occur?

T. Macqueen—Just by the bridge, your Honour. He was walking home, your Honour, just taking a peep over the bridge at the boats going along, when all at once he felt a slap between his shoulders! It was not human, he says; it sounded like thunder, and shook his whole body—and there stood the Ghost! Where she could come from, he could never tell—and "Hah! my boy," said she, in our own dear native tongue, "what ain't ye hang'd yet?—The Devil will have his own in a little time now!"

Mr. Sabine—Shocking enough, Thomas! But here comes your good Priest. Shew me into a room alone with him.

"Can you inform me, Sir," said Mr. Sabine, who knew the Reverend Mr. Welder very well, "what I am to think about this affair of the Ghost?"

"The good lad"—Dennis was now nearer fifty than forty years of age, but the kind Priest used the word by way of affection—"has confessed to me once or twice before; but he is now, I firmly believe, become conscious of the guilt of all sin, and came to make what they call a clean confession; and he mentioned particulars of his earlier life, which lay heavier upon his conscience than things that appear to the world to be the greater sin; and going homewards in the twilight of the evening, his mind fully occupied with the remembrance of the persons whom he had injured, some one who knew him observed his abstraction, and, slapping him suddenly upon the back, made use of the expression which had so alarmed him, and which, from the softening of his conscience, and the indistinct vision of the night, seemed to come from an individual who then occupied the whole of his thoughts."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Welder," said Mr. Sabine, "for this full and clear account of the affair. I have just arrived from London, and knew not that I had been sent for; but came to speak to Dennis upon another business. Give me leave to ask what became of the person who addressed him?"

Mr. Welder—Dennis rushed away, like one

bereft of his senses; and the moment he reached the threshold of his own residence, fell down out of breath, from the dreadful agitation of his mind and body. Shall we go to him—or would you wish to see him alone?

Mr. Sabine—After your very candid account to me, Sir, it is impossible I can have any thing to say that I could desire to conceal from you. I only wish to ask him—in reference to the great Kathemere suit I mean—if he can give me any account of a person whom I, for the first time, have heard of to-day.—But have you any objection to my referring to the subject which has occurred, and making use of your own able arguments to calm and satisfy his mind?

Mr. Welder—With your discretion, I certainly can have no objection.

With this mutually good understanding, the Roman Catholic Priest, and the staunchest Protestant in the Parish, entered the afflicted man's room.

"I am astonished and ashamed of you, Dennis Heaphy," said Mr. Sabine, as he entered, "to hear of these fancies and fears. Astonished, because I know you to be a brave fellow; and I am ashamed, because you have just faithfully performed your duty, and have not only cleared

your conscience, but, upon your sincerity and contrition, this worthy gentleman, your Priest, hath given you the comfort of God's pardon and mercies."

Dennis—Ah, your Honour, she came on me so suddenly !—And to be told what a villain I am, and that I must die, just at the moment that I was thinking that I had at last made a clean conscience of it, and was going to live in the world a pretty kind of Catholic—all decent and respectable, your Honour, as a good Catholic ought to be——Hah ! it's a shocking thing !

"Die !" said Mr. Sabine. "Why, if your conscience is clean, it would be the best time to die ; but this your fancy can have no foundation. It is neither the dead nor the living that can tell you when you shall die: God alone knows that, as Mr. Welder will inform you."

Dennis Heaphy lay all the while upon his face across the bed, looking round occasionally as he spoke, and was spoken to, and replied—"Hah, your Honour ! but don't the dead come from Abraham's bosom, and Christ's, and the Virgin's?" and he continued to cross himself; "and she came to me, knowing the will of God."

"How can you presume, Dennis," said the

Priest, "to talk about things holy, of which you can have no knowledge?—The Church tells us no such things. There are ghosts, and spirits, and saints, and heavenly ministers; but they don't come to people, slapping them across the shoulders, to tell them the decrees of the Almighty. Some one, who knew you, as I told you before, has spoken to you, and you have taken him or her for a person who, by your account, has been long since dead. Were you not thinking of the person of whom you confessed to me, at the very time?"

"I can't tell your Reverence what I was thinking of. May it please your Reverence to tell Mr. Sabine all about that, if there's no harm after the confession?"

"None, if you desire it," said the Priest.

"And it shall remain a secret in my breast," said Mr. Sabine, "if you, or your worthy Minister, think proper.— But let me ask, has it any concern with the Kathemere suit?"

"Not a bit, your Honour," replied Dennis.

"It has not the least reference to that affair, as I can perceive," remarked Mr. Welder, and proceeded—"Dennis, I suppose you know, Mr. Sabine, was once the servant of a sad reprobate,

Sir Bedell Wharton; and he came at a time to the Castle of Pon-tyrone with his master, who immediately required him to tempt one Maurice Flynn to drink with him at the Town of Ballybinch, where there was a recruiting party. The wicked scheme was to get this Maurice Flynn enlisted, and sent out to one of the Colonies, which has since been discovered to be the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone."

"Indeed, your Honour," said Dennis Heaphy, breaking upon the speech of his Priest, "I did not know that I was sending him to destruction and death.--Oh! he was my own dear friend and crony; and if I had a pop now and then at an Orange-man, or at some rogue who had taken another man's land, or at some rascally informer —or if I joined in making a bit of a fire of some murderous villain's property, it was all against our enemies, you know, your Honour: but to betray one of my own party, a sworn Rockite, a faithful Catholic—Oh! Oh! Oh!——" and he hid his head again in the clothes.

The good Priest proceeded—"By the bribes and promises of Sir Bedell, Maurice Flynn, in a fit of drunkenness, was enlisted; Dennis himself having first of all set him the example, under a solemn pledge from that Baronet that he would

pay the money, and release Dennis, the moment he was sure of the other. But Sir Bedell left them both to their fate, and took care that they should be immediately carried down to the sea-side, and put on board ship. The wife of this Flynn went away with her husband; and, soon discovering the treachery of Dennis Heaphy, who, being deceived himself, could not, in the midst of his grief and anger, long conceal his own deception, she did not spare her anathema maranatha upon the occasion."

"Yes, your Honour, she swore, by all the saints in heaven, that, dead or alive, she would be revenged of me!—Alive I got away from her; for one night I jumped into the sea, and swam ashore; and now dead, she is come after me to fulfil her vow!"

"But did you ever hear that she or they were dead?" said Mr. Sabine.

"Yes, your Honour; within a year, when I was up in the mountains, where I was obliged to hide me, lest they should catch me as a deserter, we heard that all the soldiers had perished in that cursed country; and of course, your Honour, their wives all died too."

"That does not follow, Dennis," said Mr. Sabine; "women are more temperate than the

men, and repel and overcome climate and disease better than they do. Perhaps you have seen the woman herself, and her husband may be still alive; and if we can find them, they will listen to the account that your worthy friend and pastor here will give them of your penitence, contrition, and amendment of life, and all will be forgiven."

"Thank your Honour, and good Reverence," said Dennis; "if my fellows had known that I had betrayed Maurice Flynn, I never should have been able to have shewn my face among them; but they always thought that we were both taken together, by the tricks of Sir Bedell; who did it all, I soon found, to oblige Mr. O'Halloran; and to him I am principally indebted for my incarceration."

"Now, Dennis, as you seem more reconciled to what has happened, and open to reason," said Mr. Sabine, "I want to ask you a question, which may be of great service to our Kathemere cause, if you can give me the intelligence; and that will be the means, I am certain, of setting your mind more at ease."

Dennis looked round, all attention, and expressed his willingness to answer any question that he was able.

"Something has appeared to me——"

"Appeared to you, Sir!" said Dennis.

"Yes, something has appeared to me very strange, which you may explain, if you can tell me who nursed Mrs. O'Halloran's daughter, before Milly Maclene was taken into her service?"

Dennis Heaphy started upright upon the bed.—"What! you have seen her, your Honour? —It is the same woman!—Ah, I see her now! I hear her now! There!—it is her voice, and her husband's voice too!——they are calling for me!"—And he jumped down from the bed, bewildered. The worthy Priest and Mr. Sabine held him.

"True," said the latter, "there are some voices asking for you. Be collected—be reasonable! Mr. Welder will go and see who they are; and if you are right in your conjecture, he will arrange every thing for the best."

Mr. Welder found a very respectably-looking soldier and a woman enquiring for Dennis Heaphy, and he took them alone into a private room. A few words set every thing right. They were Maurice Flynn and his wife!—He was now a Sergeant in the ———, and was going with his Regiment into the West of England. She had heard of a Priest of their own persuasion being in the town, and was enquiring for his residence,

when she met with Dennis Heaphy ; and then she returned to her husband, and they both went to find Dennis. They heard with pleasure of his contrition and amendment, and readily listened to their Priest, and willingly sealed the pardon and forgiveness of poor Dennis. The worthy Priest also informed them in a few words concerning the Kathemere lawsuits; and, with strict injunctions of secrecy, left the particular enquiries to those whose more immediate business it was.

Kate, or Mrs. Catherine, Flynn now remained awhile to perform her pious offices with the Priest, while her husband went up-stairs to give the hand of reconciliation to his penitent old friend.

Dennis Heaphy's joy was quickly equal to his former fear and sorrow; and before Mr. Sabine left him for the evening with his old companion and countryman, he thought it necessary to caution him and his party against any excess which unrestrained joy might be apt to occasion.

The Serjeant and his wife promised to wait upon Mr. Sabine early in the morning; and the Roman Catholic Divine, at the request of Mr. Sabine, gave his consent to be present at the conference.

CHAPTER XV.

Strength of mind.

In the morning Mrs. Catherine Flynn, in the presence of her husband, Mr. Welder, and Mr. Sabine, gave a plain and clear account of her residence at Pon-tyrone Castle. She was then a young married woman, totally ignorant at that time of any other language than the native Irish; and, having lost her first child, was taken into the Castle to nurse the female baby of Mrs. O'Halloran. This happened soon after Christmas, 18—, and she was in the house some days before the child was delivered to her by Mrs. Moggy Maclene: she could safely swear that the child was not more than a week old at the time of her receiving it. Mrs. O'Halloran appeared very fond of the child, and took the utmost care that it was attended to. She was never suffered to walk out with the child alone; but Mrs. O'Halloran herself, or her own maid, always accompanied her. When her husband enlisted, she was not only permitted to go after

him, but, by Mr. O'Halloran's order, she was accommodated with a conveyance to take her to the sea-port where her husband was; and she was very liberally paid for her services. Her only discovery here was the treachery of Dennis Heaphy; and neither her husband nor herself could ever assign a reason why Mr. O'Halloran (for of Sir Bedell Wharton they knew nothing) should wish to send him out of the kingdom? Her husband had, since they left Ireland, twice changed his regiment, and was now as high in credit as in rank.

Here then was the link that traced the birth of the supposed daughter of Timothy O'Halloran, Esq. to the same period as that in which Lady Kathemere had been delivered; and the sending of Maurice Flynn out of the country appeared to the friends of Erina to be for the purpose of getting rid of any testimony as to the age of the child that Kate Flynn might have been able to bestow.

Dennis Heaphy was of course unwilling to allude to a circumstance that brought disgrace on his own character in the tenderest point; for though professionally robbery, incendiarism, and murder made part of his legitimate occupation, yet to violate the honour which belonged to the

fraternity, was a crime of the deepest dye; neither could Dennis at that time see how the wet-nurse of Mrs. O'Halloran's child could in the slightest degree be brought to prove its non-identity. The consideration now, which was soon arranged, was to conceal this discovery for the present from any but the parties immediately interested, and to have Mrs. Catherine Flynn ready at the coming trial.

This evidence was much superior to any that Milly Maclene, if she had lived, could have provided; for that simple girl could never have well distinguished whether the child was five or twelve months old when she first of all received the charge of it: but Kate Flynn had been a mother at the time she commenced wet-nurse, and could positively know and state the difference between the infant who first takes the breast, and one of seven months.

It would clearly also be proved that the celebrated Mrs. Moggy Maclene, who had nursed Mrs. O'Halloran and her child from its birth, was not a wet-nurse; and that she gave the *female* into the hands of Catherine Flynn; and by the testimony of Sir Bedell to Mr. Sabine, the sporting season had arrived before Milly Maclene took the charge of it.

When Mr. Elrington heard the particulars, he found the deficiency of his former evidence, which he always hoped to complete by the cross-examination of Mrs. Moggy Maclene, supplied; and the testimony, though circumstantial and presumptive, that Erina was the child of Lady Kathemere, seemed now conclusive.

Mr. Harley and Erina were very anxious to see this wife of the Sergeant; for that she had nursed Erina, whoever that young lady might be proved to be, could not admit of a doubt. Mrs. Flynn's recollection of the child tallied, as far as the difference of years would allow, with the person of Erina; but it was chiefly confined to the colour of the hair and the eyes.

It was with no little emotion that Erina conversed with one, at whose breasts she had imbibed her earliest nourishment; and when Mr. Harley observed the strong character, and the gallant bearing of the woman, he could not refrain parodying the memorable lines of Romulus and Remus, being nursed by the she-wolf:—

"If, as the learn'd physicians all conclude,
"The child imbibes its humours with its food,
"How shall our nobles form the hero's life,
"But, for a wet-nurse, chuse the soldier's wife?"

Mrs. Catherine Flynn well remembered the person of Lady Kathemere, whom she had oftentimes seen walking at a little distance; and upon her first introduction to Erina, before she had seen again the Countess, noticed immediately the likeness between them: in her own emphatic language—"She was as like to the Lady at Pon-tyrone as two potatoes gathered off the same stalk."

One of the characteristics of our Irish ladies I conceive to be a gallant spirit decidedly opposed to those mawkish and sentimental feelings and expressions, in which fashion and refinement are too apt to indulge. It is to be hoped that this trait of a firm mind has never been lost sight of in portraying the characters of the Countess of Kathemere or of Erina Harley. Her fond foster-father would often advert to it in the child, who would catch up a stick or a stone to repel the noisy assault of a dog, and meet and address the bold and ragged beggar, instead of running away with shrieks and fears. This spirit might be strengthened by the equal and firm temper of Mrs. Harley herself, and by the judicious remarks and praises of her husband; but Mr. Harley always argued that it was national in his beloved orphan; and now he had an additional

cause, from the same national source, in the high spirited wife of the Sergeant. Not that she was a soldier's wife when she was supposed to have suckled Erina; but the woman was the same—tall, handsome, and undaunted.—"I don't wonder, Dennis," said Mr. Harley to him, "that you thought the slap of her hand supernatural; and I think it would have been a wise measure to have made her an officer when they made her husband a Sergeant."

"She is as good a soul as ever lived, your Honour," said Dennis, "and does not bear me a bit of malice; and I would go through fire or water to serve her or her husband. At the Battle of ——, in Spain, when she heard that Maurice Flynn was wounded, she rushed into the field herself, as Maurice told me, and carried him off on her back. They have had ten children, your Honour; two are in the Soldiers' School, and two are with them at Doubletown."

The time of the second trial drew nigh. Mr. Elrington obtained a furlough for Maurice Flynn; and himself, wife, and family were stationed in the neighbourhood of London.

Nothing further of moment occurred before the second trial, except that His Majesty, upon

the High Sheriff's going to Court with an address, thought proper to mark his sense of Mr. Puffeter's valuable services, by conferring upon him the honour of Knighthood; and he is henceforth Sir Peter Puffeter.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!"

"A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!"

At this time intelligence was given in all the papers, and handbills sent round the country, and placards exhibited upon all Town Halls, and in all public places, that there would be a County Meeting upon the most national of all subjects, in all states and kingdoms—the subject of Reform.

Mr. Harley, though neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical, had all his life been a Reformer—a practical Reformer; and so had his friend and senior in years, Mr. Sabine; and so also was his dear kinsman, Mr. Elrington, and many others, their mutual friends. Their principle was—"Abolish at once, as soon as detected, every abuse and corruption."

It was charming weather; the strength, and wealth, and glory of the County were all expected to assemble. No further opposition on the part of the high Tories was expected, than just enough

to give a zest to the meeting, and to unite all parties on one point—"the good of the Country:" and all our friends resolved to make a part in the scene, the ladies as well as gentlemen.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley, and the heroine of these pages, went in Mr. Harley's carriage. The carriages were drawn up in lines, like the exhibition of a race-course, except that our lines were two wide semicircular ones, with a double opening, very much resembling the ancient Roman Amphitheatre. Doubletown Common, a place well known to every one within the neighbourhood of thirty miles of London, was the scene.

Did not so much living matter press upon me, I would here digress, to describe the picturesque beauties of the natural scenery—where the clustering firs, with their spiry tops and dark green underwood, enclosed the company in an area, as if they had been planted for the present purpose—where the different roads that crossed the Common, led in grand avenues to this their centre—and where on the one side the ancient river of memorable renown, and endless antiquity, still proceeded in the self-same steady pace and grandeur, with all its venerable associations; and, on the other side, the new Canal, with its busy traffic and wonderful works of art, in

bridges, in locks, in aqueducts, and other machinery, put forth its claim to a comparison in novelty and improvement with the very purpose of the meeting. We remember it was asked of a celebrated engineer—"Of what use do you consider rivers?"—"To feed canals with!" was the answer. And this is the true spirit of Reform. But I must not digress—I have matter enough before me:—mine only difficulties are to *select* and *arrange* it.

There were regular hustings raised for the orators; but, in addition to this, three parties—THE three parties, I may say, had each a platform of its own; and as, upon the pure principles of equality, many a waggon was intermixed with the carriages of the gentry, here also upon these waggons was a good rostrum for an orator, particularly when the high-raised vehicle was near to that portion of the populace who appeared to be of congenial sentiments with the orator.—Owing to these convenient oratories, the regular hustings had but a few occupants. All parties had rallied their forces, to make the best show at this meeting; and half-a-dozen Whig Lords and Gentlemen had subscribed considerable sums to pay the necessary expences, and a hundred pounds were privately given to some hearty

friends of the cause, to provide the embellishments of the scene; such as might induce "*ad captandum vulgus*," to use Sir Ken Hobbinol's phrase, and speak a language that every one, who has eyes, can understand. But to "captivate the people" is not always the same thing as that which may delight their leaders. Sir Ken knew this; but he had no doubt in the present case.

These leaders were now assembled. The High Sheriff was the Chairman: yet a short pause took place, to wait the coming up of a large party, now seen approaching from the farthest end of the Common. These Reformers had been the first in motion at the morning's dawn; for these were they to whom those embellishments of which I speak had been entrusted; and their great zeal, and ardour, and devoted enthusiasm in the cause had induced them to make a parade through two or three neighbouring towns and villages, to encourage their friends, and intimidate their foes upon the occasion, with bands of music, placards, banners, mottoes, and most wondrous pictorial exhibitions.

Now they are just come from Doubletown, having left placards stuck up wherever they went, and are marching up the Common, literally

with dancing, singing, and music. They are actually playing the beautiful music of the Marseillois Hymn, accompanied by English words, set forth by the celebrated leader of a congregational band in the neighbourhood. Here also take the lead in the procession the colours of our emancipated neighbours, over whose "three glorious days" we had just testified our rejoicings. Some of the highest of our aristocratical Whigs did not appear very well pleased with the symphony of the proceeding; but no remark was made, and the tricolor was that of our ally: of course this then was most right and correct; but by some mistake they looked in vain for any national colours to expand in unison with it, these having, amid the zeal and haste, been forgotten.

Regularly, and in excellent order, the procession went round the company, now collected, like a snow-ball, into a mighty mass; and then, in taking their places, since there was so much room upon the old hustings, the whole of the music, with the banners, emblems, and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures, took their station on it. By these means, this platform became so crowded, that the Sheriff and a few friends changed their situation; and the banners, emblems and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures obtained the

fuller display. Now were they unfurled to advantage; and as, in the hurry of the procession, no more than an indistinct notice could be taken of them, every one had an opportunity at present of seeing, and reading, and edifying, to their eyes' and their hearts' content.

The Sheriff, not to lose time, quickly commenced his opening oration; and "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" had been emphatically pronounced, when a slight interruption, yet of no political nature, occasioned a pause.

Among the spectators admiring the fine paintings, with all the cupidity, curiosity, ignorance, and innocence of a rustic maiden, was a very pretty girl, who had become herself the subject of admiration to an Irish gentleman well known among the press—I mean the literary press—as the able adjutant to the intelligence of the day. Wishing to come in closer contact with our beauty, and thinking it would promote the great cause for which they were assembled, and knowing the power of sympathy and the effect of attraction, he was earnestly soliciting the fair-one to hold one of the painted devices in her pretty hands. This, as she continued to decline, he with the greater devotion pressed; till at length, fearing the lovely constellation would retreat entirely

from his horizon, he ventured to lay his hands on her blushing arms, to restrain her. Fear gives courage; and at the same moment her eyes encountered those of a young dairyman, whose higher connections alone had prevented the matrimonial banns between them having been published in their parish-church; therefore her offended spirit felt more than one stimulus to exert itself, and Mr. O'Lay, to his utter astonishment, received from her little hand the most complete slap in the face he ever experienced in his life. In an instant her lover was by her side. A pugilistic encounter was threatened; but all parties immediately interfered: conciliation was the order of the day; the Irish gentleman felt no disgrace from such a wound (for the handmarks were plain enough); and to finish my episode, the fair Amazon won a husband by her victory.

A second interruption trod upon the heels of the first. A Scotch orator, a noble compeer with the former in the love of popular ferment, with all its adjuncts of violated terms and principles, had been cheapening some oranges, to aid his intended oratory, from an itinerant tradress: he had made a hard bargain, and he still wanted, not very courteously, to improve it. I cannot

digress further into the particulars of this minor misunderstanding; but Mr. M^{c}Leod so ungraciously enforced the rights of the buyer injuriously against those of the vender, that the lady, who sold eggs as well oranges, was heard to say —"Though you shan't have another orange, I will give you, you Scotch loon, an egg into the bargain!" and, with the words, sent a rotten one full against the memorable proboscis of his countenance. This occasioned a complete retreat on one part, and abundance of laughter on the other. If this had been all, it had been of little consequence; but it completely put a stop to the intended oration of Mr. M^{c}Leod: and, indeed, both the occurrences had the unpleasant consequence of creating two hostile parties, among the country folks and the itinerant merchants and their friends, against this set of the Reformers.

At length our very respectable High Sheriff was enabled to proceed—"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! there never has been, and I am sure there never will be, any circumstance that has given or can give me half the pleasure—the satisfaction—I may say the heartfelt satisfaction, as meeting you this day. When I see so numerous, so respectable an assembly of all the talent, and station, and real consequence of the County, it is indeed

the most memorable day of my life—the most glorious for us all. There is every thing in these our proceedings so thoroughly constitutional, so praiseworthy, so much to the honour, and credit, and glory of an Englishman, that I positively declare, Gentlemen——" And at the latter word *Gentlemen*, as he dwelt upon it, and looked towards the ultra-radical party, with all their colours flying, and to whom the word, emphatically pronounced, was pointedly addressed, as it was evidently rather wanted, both as to the individual appearance of the party, as well as their late conduct—his eyes dwelt also upon some of the most prominent pictorial displays before him. The word "*Gentlemen*" did indeed stick in his throat; for many seconds elapsed before he could get another to follow it. His rivetted gaze upon these matchless paintings led to the same point the eyes of the other noble friends of Reform, who had before paid little attention to them, and who now clearly saw how well their handsome largesses for the amusement of the populace, and the benefit of their glorious cause, had been expended.

The centre piece—for there may be some edification in the description to the future laying out of such gratuitous investments for popularity—was a scene of popular justice (to use the phrase

of the day); and the chief agent there designated was the great terror of all naughty children and wicked men, with his black countenance, his goatish leer, his ample horns, his ever-memorable cloven feet, and his switching tail. Though the *principal* figure (and they had given him "ample space and verge enough"), he was in the act of performing the *inferior* office of the *last* minister of justice. The mode of execution was in the common way of the gallows, the halter, and the cord; and the unhappy objects, to complete this grand scene of Reform, were half-a-dozen of the noblest Peers, and the same number of the most venerable Bishops of the realm: and, that there might be no doubt who were the objects, an applicable speech issued from the mouth of each of the devoted personages, to inform the spectators. Minor exhibitions, with the same good taste, the same liberal principle, the same correct knowledge respecting the rights of others while we claim our own, which liberty and equity teach, and the kind feeling that the genuine love of our fellow-creatures promotes, might have been traced through the other banners, emblems and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures. But the noble Lords and Gentry had very quickly seen enough—they had seen, indeed, in every respect too much; for although the unhappy

disclosure of Lords and Bishops shewed them a row of political opponents, yet was there many a private friend in the group, and even dear relatives of some of the most honourable Reformers present; and the consigning them to such an agent, or exhibiting them in such a manner, were things by no means congenial to their feelings. Yet a strange love of popularity, a base apprehension of political hostility, and all the eager anticipation of victory, checked every tongue from denouncing such disgraceful appendages of party, while every eye shewed its loathing, by being averted from the scene. This appalling scene, which first checked the High Sheriff's oratory, had completely taken away the smooth and beautiful edge from it, and soon brought it coarsely and hastily to a finish.

Mr. Harley, upon the first expansion of these historico-politico paintings, had descended from his standing, and taken a full view of the whole. He made some loyal remark upon true constitutional principles of Reform, to the chief standard-bearer; but met only with an intemperate reply, worthy of an old Jacobin of the National Convention of French Liberty. He now tried to persuade the chief men of power and authority who were present, to use their influence to suppress a display, so hostile to the pure principles of all liberty,

independence, and reform; but in vain: his friend Mr. Elrington was absent, and not one of any influence or rank supported him. They feared the voice of the populace more than that of honour and of truth.

"My dear Mr. Harley," said Lord Vanessey, "don't say another word upon the business. I feel and lament this shocking exhibition as much as you possibly can; but it cannot now be helped. If we say a word against these abominable figures, we shall have all the people against us."

"Not one, my Lord," replied Mr. Harley, "worthy to be ranked among *the people*. I am convinced a great majority of the lowest here are as much disgusted as we ourselves can be."

At this moment the senior M. P. for the County addressed Mr. Harley.—"My dear and faithful friend, I earnestly entreat you not to say a word upon this foolish business. The lower orders will have their own way. The least word of opposition will make a disturbance. What does it signify? Let us not notice it; but get through the business as well and as fast as we can."

"But the disgrace of such an exhibition will ever stick upon us and our cause," replied Mr. Harley; "and if these our amiable allies, who

thus openly delare that, if they had the power, they would instantly proceed upon the pure and perfect principles of the old Jacobin Club, are not told the difference of our spirit——"

That high political character, Sir Peter Pollet, interrupted him.—"Pho! pho! Mr. Harley!—that a man of sense like you should pay any regard to these contemptible caricatures, I am astonished. The mob at present are our tools; let them amuse themselves their own way. When we want them, we will use them."

"You are going the way, I think," said Mr. Harley, "to be yourselves *their* tools. What are you at this moment? Don't you think the high Tories will turn all this ribaldry, and blasphemy, and turpitude against yourselves? The papers will be full of it to-morrow, and they will tell the whole world that not one of you, from the High Sheriff, and the Members of both Houses of Parliament, had the grace, had the principle, had the honourable sense to try to put a stop to it."

The rest, except Sir Peter, seemed to be impressed by that which Mr. Harley had said; but Sir Peter, half sneeringly and laughingly replied —"My worthy fellow, I am sure our own dear friends will say nothing that will hurt our cause,

and I will give an *amicable* bit of advice to the reporters on the other side."

"If you mean *a bribe*, great as your influence and means may be, I deny that it is in your power," said Mr. Harley.

The whole company around Mr. Harley were now apprehensive that he would interfere himself. They endeavoured to soften him, promising that such an exhibition should never again occur, and that the banners, emblems and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures, being really and truly the property of certain noble Lords and Commoners, who had given their money to get up the display, should be all of them collected, and utterly destroyed, so as never again to rise up in judgment against the improvident Friends of the Liberty of the People."

"At least, let us make the attempt to suppress them NOW," replied Mr. Harley, "that our honest opponents, the Tories yonder, may not confound us together in one fell mass. See how they enjoy the scene, and look, and laugh, and turn to us full of ridicule, and point to the disgraceful exhibition!—while, on our part, there is not one among us who ventures to take a second glance. We look aslant, as if the figures were so many Medusa's heads, and would convert

us into stone. Why, I could no more address the people with these spectres in my sight, than if I had a Dionysius' sword suspended over my head, or a millstone round my neck."

Mr. Sabine came up, and ably seconded the arguments of Mr. Harley; but the very attempt to suppress them now was treated, by the great and leading Whigs, as the risk of applying a match to a barrel of gunpowder; and the new converts from Toryism to Reform were afraid to open their lips, lest they should have their new principles called in question: and mob-intimidation carried argument and reason, and all honourable sense and noble courage before it.

The object of the meeting was now proposed —"*To petition His Gracious Majesty upon the general principles of Reform*;" and never did the selected proposer, who was an eminent orator, a nobleman of high rank, and a Reformer long devoted to the measure, at any period of his life beat over the old ground with such constraint, wearisomeness, and a longing of coming to the close as at present. All the good things he had intended to say were spoiled; his wit, irony, and ridicule against opponents were ineffective, flat, and fearful, as if any thing he said could, by any possibility, be put in collision with all

those prominent characters which, in their proper persons, and in their sentiments, stared upon him on the right hand.

The honourable seconder laboured with the same dead weight on his side; and if happily for an instant he got beyond the dull routine of his subject, a cheer from the very party whom he had wished to conciliate, threw a chill over him, that whispered to his conscience—"What foolish or unprincipled thing can I have said, that can have induced such wretches as these to think that I am one of themselves?"

Meanwhile Mr. Harley was making memoranda of the caricatures and mottoes before him.

The first was a translation from the French, of an abuse of the Duke of Wellington, which is too contemptible to repeat.—Another was, "How to raise up a *New-Castle* in the air."—Another, "Let us pull up a *Peel*."—Some might have been a hint to the gentlemen who had supplied the means of exhibiting them—such as "They who debase themselves, shall be exalted." There was a general motto over the twelve figures who were hanging, "*Swing*, *Swing*, *Swing!*" and in the background were houses, barns, and ricks in flames, with such mottoes as "Popular Indignation!"—"The country enlightened!"

—There was more than one with insinuations against His Majesty, which, as they became noticed and understood, highly offended a large body of shipwrights and rope-manufacturers, sailors, and others connected with the dockyard, who were present, particularly the following—"He has been *tarred* already! (alluding to his having been a sailor); let him listen to the voice of the people, or we'll *feather* him."—Add to these, wondrous wise sayings against tithes and the taxes—priests hanging with the one round them, and political opponents with the other. There were also denunciations against the National Debt, and that great national charity, the Poor Rates; and also against boroughs and churches in the gross.

Full of disgust, Mr. Harley returned not again to the hustings; but seated himself in his own carriage, with his wife and Erina, and told them all that had passed.—"And what think you, Biddy, of our friends and allies?"

"This is the first time, Mr. Harley," said the lady, "that I have ever known you join a *party;* and I think it will be the last. Erina and myself will be happy to go home as soon as it is agreeable to you."

"To tell you both the truth," replied Mr.

Harley, "I am like the young French officer, whom we read of the other day, who was always ridiculing the abilities of his Commander-in-chief, and who, being mortally wounded in an ill-conducted field of battle, and his friend being desirous of bearing him away, said—'It is too late; but I wish I could live to see how our blundering General will get you out of this scrape.'—So, Biddy, I would wait a little longer, to see what our leaders will be able to do.—Ah! and here is one of the chief of the flagmen, Colonel Jonas* himself, rising to speak. I know his bluff, burly face, under his white hat, at any distance. This is he you saw, an hour ago, riding on the white horse, at the head of the procession, with all the riff-raff of the country, and every idle boy and loose girl, before, and behind, and on each side, accompanying and cheering him. See what a glee they are all in!—and his party look, as if, instead of aiding and abetting the rest of the Reformers, they were going to serve them as they tell us, plainly enough I think, they wish to serve our hapless opponents yonder."

---

* The grandson of the celebrated Jonas, whose legerdemain exhibitions *astonished the people* in the middle of the last century.

The Colonel began—"You have heard, my brother Reformers, my true, and staunch, and old friends and RADICALS, for we are not ashamed of the *name*—*(immense applause)*—You have heard, I say, what our new, noble, and honourable converts have proposed. CONVERTS, I say; for are not WE the old genuine Reformers? and have not these great ones lately come round to us? *(Applause repeated.)* But they are yet learners—*babes* in grace! *(Great applause.)* What they have advanced is well enough, as far as it goes; but does it go far enough?"—("No, no, no, no," was vociferated from the lungs of all breathing around him.)—"And *no*, I agree with you, true friends of liberty and the people's rights. Have these *our scholars* said a word to you of *Universal Suffrage*, of the *Vote by Ballot*, and of *Annual Parliaments?* Why *these* are the head, and the heart, and the soul of our cause! *(Very great applause.)* We will have no petition without *these*. We must correct their petition, then. We must teach *our* scholars better. *(Great laughter.)* These Lords and Gentlemen may understand House-of-Lords and House-of-Commons politics; but they can't as yet comprehend the *politics of the People*—the politics of you whom I now address. You, the

representatives of the People, in *this place*, *a new Runnymede*, from whence the Charter of Liberty shall arise—you, I say, the staunch friends of Reform, are here the representatives of twenty millions of Britons."—The applause here was continued for some time. The very Reporters laid down their pens and paper, to applaud with their dirty hands, as well as their "sweet voices." At length the Colonel proceeded—"I therefore, my Countrymen, expecting that our new friends had not yet been able rightly to learn their lesson, have prepared a few words of addition, and of instruction, I hope; for I have no intention of moving a counter resolution, making allowances for their ignorance, and the novelty of their situation;—but before I read it to you, I will give you my sentiments upon the conduct of the late Ministry, and what we may hope for from the King."

I need not follow the orator in these points, which are so fully described in the newspapers: it is sufficient to say, that not only were the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Eldon any thing but the first soldier and lawyer of their day, but every statesman, from Liverpool, Castlereagh, Pitt, Fox, Burke, and the whole galaxy that illumined the way through the Anti-Jacobin War, were wandering stars, base and baneful

meteors, full of evil omen, and destructive to these kingdoms; and the whole House of Hanover was described as being more absolute, despotic, corrupt, and ignorant than the Stuarts themselves. As for the reigning Monarch, all was doubt and suspicion.

The Colonel, having given his amendment, which was a complete annihilation of the original effusion of loyalty and patriotism, the seconder of the Colonel's proposition followed in the same strain. He had been something of a lawyer, and his fort was to dilate upon, amplify, and tautologize any thing that another had said; but in so doing, he was sure of making it more offensive and disgusting. Two or three rash and inconsiderate Tories in the crowd, who had more brains than wit, and more liquor in their heads than money in their pockets, attempted to interrupt them; but the band of Reformers, who carried the staves in the procession, and were well organized to support their party, rushed upon them, and knocked them down in an instant: but they were rescued from farther injury by some of the shipwrights, in spite of a shower of stones from the ragged boys of the procession; and the cry of 'Fair play!' from numbers restored all to order.

The domineering democracy of the ultra Radicals had, by the exertions of a few individuals, as well as the tyrannous proceedings of the whole party, created a strong spirit against them; yet, confident and secure, they offered no means of conciliation, but looked forward to a triumph over, not only their old opponents, the Tories, but their converts, the Whigs, and all the Reformers present. And after their last orator had concluded, they felt little disposed to listen to any objections from either party; and many a Whig as well as a Tory-declaimer, met with continual interruption; and now and then a volley of stones and dirt was discharged from the idle vagabonds, under the derision and applause of these honourable and respectable men, in the centre of the banners, emblems and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures.

Such was the state of the parties. The Colonel and his auxiliaries were, like the fine body of Austrian Cavalry at the Battle of Marengo, when they had made their last charge, and each man rested upon his horse, as if the business of the day was concluded; but there was a foreman in the dockyards, a Welchman by birth, Eli Thomas by name, whose mountainous spirit bore not patiently the intimidation around him, and

who felt himself very much disposed to attempt the part in that celebrated battle of General Dessaix: he found many congenial minds, who seemed to be equally anxious to make a general charge for victory; and they resolved together to give a specimen of their anger as well as contempt.—"Why, among these fellows on that hustings there," said he, "who have been dignified by all the honourable epithets of the Country and Constitution, I do not believe that there are six native-born subjects of His Majesty, or one truly loyal, patriotic, and honest man. Come with me, my boys!—let us see if we can't change this scene."

As he passed by with some followers Mr. Harley's chariot, he perceived the horses in motion, and said to that gentleman, whom he well knew—"Don't leave us directly, Mr. Harley; they shan't have it without a struggle, with all their blustering and bullying, their own way. We shall be back in a few minutes."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Harley.

"Stay, and see, Sir," replied Eli; "it is only a bit of a spree, or a *lark*, as they call it."

He went off.

Mr. Harley spoke to Mr. Sabine on the subject, who could give him no information.

In the meantime the same scene continued with increased violence and intimidation on the part of the high Radicals; and the unhappy Whigs, on their left, became every moment more and more the objects of their persecution. They had to suffer many contumelies—had to hear all the places and pensions of themselves and their connections brought forward with every kind of vituperance and anathema, without any respect for female worth or loveliness; and their own noblest and most honourable actions stigmatized and perverted, and their motives calumniated and contemned. I need not here mention the names of Camden, Spencer, and even Grey himself!

The Sheriff in vain interfered, and tried to shew the unity of the subject before them. In vain did some of the noblemen and gentlemen endeavour to soften and conciliate: the Tories, the meanwhile, shrunk from the storm, and enjoyed the tempest around them.

Such was now the noise and confusion, that the returning of Eli Thomas with his associates was not regarded. When they first made their appearance at the opening of the Common, their number was not twenty; but when they came within thirty yards of the hustings, they were

increased to at least forty. Now they commenced shouting; and their voices caught the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Harley, Erina, Mr. Sabine, and others, who were conversing together. Eli Thomas took the lead a few yards in advance, with a large horse-whip, singly and boldly, in the face of demagogues of every denomination, resolved to chastise the young rascals who had pelted him and his party. The company that followed him was divided into two sets, with a space of about five-and-twenty yards between them. Their cry was in the words of one of the orators—"A long pull, a strong pull, and a brave pull altogether." And now our friends perceived that the two sets were dragging along a strong rope. The boys fled, not confident in their numbers, at the approach of the whip; the ultra Radical orators turned round at the chorus of "A long pull, and a strong pull, and a brave pull altogether!"—Every one who saw the object, put a hand to the rope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Harley, "I understand the trick now of that hot-headed Welchman. There, they are close to the stage of these Mountibanks. See these young rascals throw their last volley of stones in the midst of their own friends; aye, and some of them have turned

round, and got hold of the rope already :—a fair emblem of popular support ! Look how the orators, all conscious of their danger, leap off from the hustings as fast as they can !—There they go ! Well done, Colonel !—your white hat though is vanished! You can on occasion fly, I see, as well as fight.—Ah, there falls the whole of the hustings ! —the strong pull has done the business ! Over tumble the banners, emblems and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures !—all low in dust !—swept to the ground, with all that pertained to them! ——Why this, Biddy, my dear, is the triumph of an hereditary Peerage, and of the Right Reverend my Lords the Bishops, over the scum and off-scourings of democratical despotism ! We came here, my dears, for the support of equal rights, and a rational Reform, in the true spirit of liberty and peace : little did we expect such a scene as this—that we were even to fight for fair play !——But, as it is, I don't much lament this practical joke—it is but a retaliating principle. If you were not with me, Biddy and Erina, I should certainly be tempted to wait, to see if there would be any reaction, and help, as well as such a one as I am able, to fight the battle out ; but discretion is our better valour at present : so wishing you, friend Sabine, and all our other friends

here, a peaceable conclusion, and leaving you under the able generalship of Eli Thomas, we'll turn the horses' heads towards home as quick as possible."

The Harleys departed.

There was no reaction. Numbers, as well as strength, were now with the victors: it had been a complete triumph. The strong cable, which had been brought from a manufactory adjoining, had overturned every thing in its way. Strength or eloquence could not withstand it. The hustings, and all that remained on it, gave way before the long strong pull. It had indeed been a most complete Radical levelling, that swept, as a whirlwind, every creature and substance into the dust or mire. This completely broke up the meeting. The mongrel Reformers got up as well as they could, and hastened away the very first, with as little notice as possible—if it had not been for the idle boys and vagabonds, I might have said, without any notice at all; but these, their first able supporters, played the same game against them as they had performed against the noble Whigs—they left, disowned, and cut them in their difficulties at the earliest moment that they found occasion. Indeed Mr. Harley was perfectly correct in his view of the co-operation of

the young sons of mischief, against the high democrats and banner-men, at the moment of their overthrow.

And now you might see them (while the grave Whigs coolly passed their resolutions) plundering and despoiling the banners, emblems and devices, mottoes, placards, and pictures; so that the promise made to Mr. Harley, that these most disgraceful exhibitions should never again rise up in judgment against the honour and principle of the Whigs, could not by any possibility be broken.

I cannot say which of the noble Lords or Gentlemen it was, or whether it was a joint gift, that sent to Eli Thomas the next day a £100 note, with this remark—"To buy Eli Thomas a new rope;" but the action clearly proves the high Whigs' sense of feeling at their critical situation when his services arrived and rescued them, as well as their liberal gratitude. In this case ELI surpassed in good fortune the Hero of Marengo; for HE lived to reap and enjoy the fruits of his victory.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The public Press! its secrets and its arts."

After the receipt of his new honours, Sir Peter Puffeter thought proper to pay a visit to the metropolis of France. Here he was kindly noticed by Major Roustane, and was introduced to such respectable society as a resident alone of rank and station can have the means of securing.

It was intended that Major Roustane should return with our Knight, and, having remained in London during the period of the trial, should go back to take his final leave of the service, and the country. But circumstances had occurred which altered that arrangement; and the Major resolved to close his services directly, and come to England on the week following Sir Peter's departure, whose high office prevented his own delay.

The reason of the Major's conduct will be best given in his own words to Mr. Harley.

"You know, my dear Sir, that I have long

been convinced that a dreadful crisis is approaching for this Country. We are a *garde du corps* for the King; and I have entered into the royal service upon the express stipulation that our whole and sole duty is, to protect the royal person. As soon as I discovered that a violent spirit of party-politics had been introduced among our men, and that another influence than that of their officers operated upon them, I resolved to leave the service. I now find these ultra-politicians so determined to hasten the event, that I completely close my connection with the Court this week, and intend to be in England on the following. An article in your Quarterly Review exactly tallies with these whispered politics, which are meant for the secret edification of those who belong to this ultra-party. This, under the plea of what ought to be, prepares the public mind for that which is determined upon. It is a prophecy that they, who belong to the shrine, have resolved already to complete. This could never have appeared in the English Quarterly, but from intelligence and command. Here are we at this moment living in the utmost peace and prosperity. The King and his friends have every thing that honest and honourable men can wish. Let the Government punish evil as it occurs: the Charter provides for every contingency. Is the

Press licentious and calumnious ?—let it be prosecuted according to the Charter. If the Judges of the law say that it is not guilty; then the accusation is frivolous or arbitrary. Is the mob riotous and seditious?—let the police suppress it.—The King has abundance of strength to put down all excitements from demagogues, and every interference of democrats and levellers with the Government. The people feel too well the blessings they enjoy by the protection of the Charter, to risk any of the evils of civil warfare, for any purpose short of an attack upon that Charter which now shields them. While the lawyers argue "What is the Charter?" the King is safe upon his throne, and the people in their rights; and there can be no change to injure either party, by any opinion or decision upon a few points, whether the lawyers lean to the right or to the left. If the King's Ministers are to expound the law, there is an end to the rights of the people. If the mob is to dictate the proceeding of the King, or of either Chamber—mob-government, with anarchy and murder, will inevitably follow. And if the nation once takes part against the King, all his body-guard, and all the despots in Europe cannot keep him upon his throne. Read, I pray you, my dear Sir, the very curious article that I speak of, in the English Quarterly of May 1830, on the

Political Condition and Prospects of France; and attend especially to this summing up:—

'We therefore hope and trust that the King and his present Ministers may succeed, if such be their object, in establishing a Censorship of the Press, and likewise in acquiring so decided a preponderance in the Chamber of Deputies, that its existence, as an independent body, capable of bearding the Monarchy, as it has recently done, shall be no longer recognised. This, we own, will be a virtual abolition of the Charter; but the question is obviously reduced to this:—Shall the Monarchy, which is suitable to the country, be overthrown?—or shall the Charter, which, in every possible view, is unsuitable to it, be abrogated?'

"Now I defy any man in either kingdom to say that this tirade could have been put into the Quarterly by any Editor's, or any mere writer's own mind. The very scribe himself is conscious of it; for he adds—"It will be asked, why need we care what France does? Why not let her, &c. &c.——" This, or any ultra-ministry can be but the tools of the Court. The determination here specified by the Quarterly comes from a correspondent among the secret advisers of the King—whether Princes or Priests, I think I can guess:—they

look, I say, to the Ministers as tools;—if these will not make the trial, others will be selected ; if they fail at the trial, they will be treated with scorn and contempt. Attend, my dear Mr. Harley, to what your Reviewers, in this same article, afterwards say—' The necessity of the case requires that *we* should not shrink from the trial ; but be prepared to witness, as the less grievous of two evils, the temporary re-establishment of a tolerably absolute authority on the part of the Crown of France. If this be impossible, or if the attempt be bungled in the execution, we may bid adieu to repose, and buckle on our armour for another quarter of a century of wars.'—All this more than tallies with my *intelligence* here, for it corroborates my *suspicions* of certain individuals. And it is evident to me why it appears at this time in your Quarterly ; not only to forestall the public mind upon the attempt that is to be made, but indirectly to insinuate that these measures are adopted with the knowledge, if not the approbation, of the English Ministry. It is impossible, my dear Sir, to believe that an Englishman, who has the honour of his Country, and the liberty of his own Constitution at heart, could ever, from the feeling of the moment, make use of the expression—' We therefore hope and trust that the King and his *present* Ministers may succeed.'—We, the hirelings of

Mr. John Murray ! And why his *present* Ministers, but that the attempt is determined to be made directly ; and *others* shall make the trial, if these will not. And how came the expression—"*We should not shrink from the trial,*" to slip in ? but that it was original, and came from those whose opinions and advice had decreed that an attempt to overthrow the Charter should presently take place. All this so exactly agreeing with rumour and appearance here, I delay returning with the worthy Knight, that I may make a final departure on the following week."

With Sir Peter Puffeter, our other civic Knight, Sir Harry Fellowes, and his bride, returned from Paris ; and no one could be more interested, who were not personally concerned in the coming trial, than these our friends were ; for though the latter were not, directly or indirectly, parties in the affair, they came from France on that account.

All the friends of Erina looked forward with intense anxiety to the result. Her supposed mother, the Countess of Kathemere, as the time approached, probably betrayed the most anxiety ; which Erina, who generally saw her twice a week, by every means in her power endeavoured to allay.

Dr. Pallatier was in very good keeping, and in very good spirits also, not at all apprehensive of another personal ambuscade, and anxious to

prove his identity in a Court of Law. He was still the more heartened by the arrival of Mr. Fielder from Dublin, who had so judiciously as well as gallantly rescued him in the former adventure.

The usurper of Dr. Pallatier's name and occupation at the Castle of Pon-tyrone, whom we first became acquainted with as Doctor Schiatari, had been clearly traced through France, and there could be no doubt that he was gone back to his old haunts and studies in Italy. His friend, the learned and scientific Signore Buonarona, was now on his travels at the expence of our Government, which is never slack in rewarding such merit as his, on a colonization scheme to Botany Bay—regular colonization, I say; for it was no temporary sojournment of a seven or fourteen years, but a fixed residence in that salubrious climate and highly improving country, for him and his heirs for ever. If my space and time would permit, I should like to make a little digression, if I thought that these might haply be read by any of the POWERS THAT BE, in this my beloved native Country; and if among those powers there possibly might be a mind not uncongenial to the taste of the celebrated Charles James Fox, of political fame, of whom we are told that he was very fond of reading the simple stories of the day, in that unassuming style which is vulgarly called "*Novels*."

Neither do I despair for those the heads (I mean the actual *caput vivum*—the upper part of the animal body of the man) of the POWERS THAT NOW BE—(and I honestly confess it will take a much wiser head than my own to *guess*, as our American brethren say, who those Powers, at the time these papers are committed to press, *will then be*, and therefore I can have no personal reflection in this my remark) ;—though they may not have a vacant space to spare in any of their modern ministerial heads, as to indulge in reading of Novels, as Charles Fox had, yet they may have wives, sisters, daughters, or relatives, who may haply read and transmit to them the remark which I am about to make, and which I submit to their serious attention.

It is this—that, instead of being frightened at the pseudo-philosophical and illogical theories of Mr. Malthus about population, and encouraging the best of our labourers and mechanics to colonize at Van Diemen's Land, or Swan River, or Canada, they would clear the streets of the most dissolute of both sexes, as they become amenable to the laws of their Country, and establish *them and their families* at Botany Bay.

After the conviction for a first offence, the thief generally becomes incorrigible. The prisons or the hulks have introduced him to every character of eminence in his way: he comes out an

adept. Every opening to a favourable change is closed against him in this Country; and as soon as he offends the next time, the best thing that could happen for his temporal and eternal welfare, and for the nation, as it concerns him, is, that he should never again be subject to his former temptations, and to be led into those evils which he has neither the power nor means to resist.—By the life-banishment of the systematic thieves of the metropolis, there would be a continual purification taking place of the social air of the metropolis. The origin of almost all the tumults and riotous assemblages, whether under political or civil pretences, would be in a very great degree taken away; and we might then hope that the march of intellect would proceed in the ways of morals and religion, rather than of those of depravity and villany. This would be an act of mercy and of justice.

I have never pressed this subject upon the attention of any law-wise person, but the objector has been driven to the argument of the *expence*. "I allow," say they, "that the incorrigible rogues will never mend at home--that the only remedy for body and soul is their transportation for life —that they become worse by every confinement in prison and in the hulks—that it would be a measure of signal service and constant good to

the kingdom; but the *expence!*"——What single tax that the Country pays would not cover the expence? What profitable plunder which they now obtain, not to add the mischievous loss that their depredations occasion, and their own share of the expence incurred to watch, to catch, and to prosecute them, is not more than adequate to any calculations of expence? If the policy of the political economist will not allow the ample remuneration by the improved morals of the Country—if the legal saving of national expenditure is of no moment, still there must be the *quid pro quo* from the actual value obtained by the preservation of the property of the honest and industrious community.

This is the emigration that England wants; and if it be arduous among the brave spirits to rule and govern in large companies, without such additional expence and confinement as they meet with on board the hulks—why, look out for an island for them! Let them form a government among themselves, as the mutineers of the Bounty did, which we have seen has ended in a regular and moral establishment.

These remarks force themselves at this moment, when I see a few desperate men, backed by an organized gang of pickpockets—(there were forty *known* thieves, out of fifty-six men

apprehended)—set the regular police of the metropolis at defiance; insult, assault, and intimidate the Duke of Wellington; and raise such fears in His Majesty's Council, and among the City Authorities, that the civic dinner (after such preparations as have seldom been witnessed in England before) is postponed, and His Majesty (the most popular monarch at this instant that was ever upon the throne) is advised not to partake of it. The mere losses to individuals by this act of intimidation, which could have no appearance of power, but from the aggregated body of regular thieves, are probably enough to have established these very men in a snug and respectable colony of their own; where those among them, who are for reform in all its branches, might have indulged in the political luxury to their utmost gratification, and left us to our constitutional measures, as the wisest and best among us, guided by experience, would have adopted.

But I must here close my Chapter upon little and great rogues, and prepare for MY second trial.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAW.

"Oh! 'tis a wondrous thing to *see*
"Its glorious uncertainty;
"But sad it is to feel it."

For the second time the Court assembled to try the rights of our heroine, whether she was the daughter of the late Earl of Kathemere and his widowed Countess, and heiress to his English possessions as Baroness Wharton, Major Trolloppe being the heir to the Irish estates and the Earldom of Kathemere; or whether the gentleman who now bore the title of Earl of Kathemere, was the heir of the whole.

The judgment-seat was occupied by the same eminent Baron who had presided at the former trial. Messrs. Elrington, Fairbelough, and Lawrey conducted the cause, as before, for Erina and Major Trolloppe; and Sergeant Blowpipe, with Messrs. Persiflayer and Savory, were for the defendant. Mr. Mendip and Mr. Farridan were again the able solicitors on each side; and Sir Peter Puffeter and Charles Furbelow, Esq.

were still the Sheriffs, and Mr. Brockley the Under Sheriff.

There was also a great sameness in the company assembled, as to the friends of each party. Many officers of the Guards indeed were noticed in Court, either to give support by their presence to their Colonel Crooklawn, or to observe his conduct; and Major Roustane was also present, having arrived from France a few days before.

There was no dismay apparent in any of the interested parties. Mr. Harley, having caught the Judge's eye, made him a very respectful obeisance, which was graciously returned.—— The Jury, which was special, was sworn, and the trial commenced.

Lady Kathemere, the first witness, gave her evidence as in the former case, and it cannot be necessary to recapitulate it. Sergeant Blowpipe again declined any cross-examination.

Colonel Crooklawn, as the second witness, gave, with less reluctance than before, his testimony to the helpless state of his sister; but as his own selfishness and hard-heartedness became more and more apparent, he endeavoured to evade the question—"Did not Lady Kathemere write to you a few months after her marriage, and describe her seclusion, and the dissipated

habits of the Earl ?"—by alleging on his part a want of a contemporary knowledge of the same. This ended in the production of the unfeeling and cold-hearted letter of the Colonel to his friendless sister, which, being a positive proof of his knowledge, was read in the Court, and called forth a burst of indignation from the auditors around. The Colonel's examination soon afterwards closed, and he left the Court immediately.

Dr. Pallatier was the next witness. A great sensation pervaded the Court the moment his name was mentioned. He entered the witness-box; and his appearance was nearly the same as the former witness of that name, except that he did not adorn himself with a pair of green goggles, to protect his eyesight from the glare of light. He denied that he had appeared as a witness upon the first trial, and he clearly narrated, to the questions of Mr. Elrington, his introduction in Dublin to the Earl of Kathemere, and his journey to Pon-tyrone Castle with that nobleman. There was no doubt or hesitation when he spoke as to the delivery of the lady, and the birth of a daughter; after which he had no interview with the lady, but made his immediate return to Dublin. He mentioned also his subsequent interview with the Countess at the Convent del Sacro Monte; his remembrance of

her, and her reminding him of a few questions which had taken place at the birth of the child, particularly one as to the sex.

His examination closed. Sergeant Blowpipe arose to the cross-examination with great coolness.

Sergeant B.—Your name is Dr. Pallatier, Sir?

Dr. P.—It is, Sir.

Sergeant B.—You do not require any interpreter to-day, I perceive.

Dr. P. spoke with great distinctness, but with a very apparent foreign note—I hope I am understood by the company.

Sergeant B.—Humph! Your evidence is nearly the same as was given on the former trial—*(and the learned Sergeant looked round the Court, as if his remark was meant for the Judge and Jury).*——And you say that the child of whom you delivered a lady, who you since believe was Lady Kathemere, was a daughter?

Dr. P.—I do.

Sergeant B.—You did not know the lady *at the time* to be the Countess of Kathemere?

Dr. P.—I did not.

Sergeant B.—Did she *herself* tell you?

Dr. P.—Yes.

Sergeant B.—And she reminded you also that the child was a daughter?

Dr. P.—No, Sir; she asked me if I remembered the sex of the child.

Sergeant B.—How long have you been living at the Convent del Sacro Monte, where the Countess resided?

Dr. P.—Six months.

Sergeant B.—And you have been in constant communication with the Countess ever since you have been in England?

Dr. P.—I have.

Sergeant B.—And did you never see this lady, or this Countess, whom you delivered at Pon-tyrone Castle, afterwards, till you met her at the Convent del Sacro Monte?

Dr. P.—I did not.

Sergeant B.—Did you ever afterwards see the gentleman, Lord Kathemere, as you call him, who took you with him to Pon-tyrone Castle?

Dr. P.—I did not.

Sergeant B.—What time passed after the delivery, before you saw the Countess of Kathemere?

Dr. P.—About eighteen years.

Sergeant B.—Humph! about eighteen years! And during this long space of eighteen years did you ever see any one with whom you conversed upon the subject?

Dr. P.—I might have mentioned it to my friends, after my return to France.

Sergeant B.—You might! Yes, you MIGHT, certainly. But do you remember talking about this boy or girl?

Dr. P.—I cannot remember any particular conversation.

Sergeant B.—You cannot remember any *particular* conversation! Can you tell us any?

Dr. P.—No.

Sergeant B.—Have you any memorandum of the affair?

Dr. P.—Sir!

Sergeant B.—I ask you, Dr. Pallatier, if you have any memorandum of your delivery of the Countess of Kathemere of a child at Pon-tyrone Castle?

Dr. P.—I did not at the time know that the lady was the Countess of Kathemere.

Sergeant B.—Answer my question, Sir!—Have you any memorandum of the circumstance which you have described to us, which you had totally forgotten for eighteen years, and which your interview with Lady Kathemere has again revived——have you, I say, any memorandum upon the subject?

Dr. P.—I recorded it in my pocket-book at

the time; but having been abroad with the French armies, and otherwise employed in my profession, I cannot say whether it is in existence.

Sergeant B.—You don't know whether it be or be not in existence?

Dr. P.—I cannot say.

Sergeant B.—Should you know it again?

Dr. P.—I think I should.

Sergeant B.—You think! Didn't you produce it in this Court on a former trial, and go away suddenly, and leave it.

Dr. P.—I was never here before.

Sergeant B.—Perhaps something will occur to bring these things to your memory.

The examination of Dr. Pallatier closed; and the High Sheriff, Sir Peter Puffeter, now came forward, and delivered the pocket-book of the former Dr. Pallatier to the Court, bound and sealed as he had taken it into his own possession.

An unmeaning debate now arose whether or not the pocket-book should be produced. Mr. Elrington left it to the determination of the Counsel on the other side; and at length it was shewn to Dr. Pallatier, and being denied by him, Sergeant Blowpipe and his friends said no more upon the subject.

Mr. Elrington now called Moggy Maclene.

Sergeant B.—She is our witness, and will not be examined till you have finished with yours.

Elrington—She has been subpœnaed also by us; and as she was an assistant with Dr. Pallatier, and for other reasons, which will soon appear to the Court, we wish her to be examined by us in this place. You can examine her again, in any part of the trial that you approve of.

Mrs. Maclene accordingly went into the witness-box. She was a person of an advanced age, dressed in the very best style of an Irish country-woman, and in every point shewed a respectable appearance.

The examination commenced in a pleasing manner.

Elrington—Your name, Ma'am, is Mrs. Moggy Maclene?

Mrs. M.—Yes, it is.

Elrington—And you were a midwife, and nurse to the child of the late lady of Counsellor O'Halloran, now Sir Timothy?

Mrs. M.—Yes, more than once perhaps.

Elrington—I mean, Ma'am, in the year 18—, in the month of June or July.

Mrs. M.—Well, and what then?

Elrington—What was the sex of Mrs. O'Halloran's child?

Mrs. M.—The sex is it you ask for?

Elrington—Was it a boy or a girl?

Mrs. M.—Don't you know very well that it was a girl?

Elrington—I ask you, as the midwife, did you deliver the lady of a boy or a girl?

Mrs. M.—A girl, to be sure, every body knows.

Elrington—No, not every body, Mrs. Maclene: I hope to produce some of your neighbours, who will tell a different story.——But I ask you, did you always say the child was a girl?

Mrs. M.—Always say! why shouldn't I always say what was the truth?

Elrington—Did you never tell any one that it was a boy?

Mrs. M.—A boy! tell any one! We nurses don't care to be telling every chattering fellow that has impudence to ask a question.

Elrington—But will you swear that you did not tell any one it was a boy, of your own accord?

Mrs. M.—Of my own accord! What do you mean?

Elrington—Without that impertinent question which you spoke about.

Mrs. M.—There is impertinence sometimes without any *questioning*.

Elrington—And without answering, Mrs. Maclene. But did you never say to any of your own cronies, or cousins, or acquaintances, that Mrs. O'Halloran had got a fine boy ?

Mrs. M.—Not really and seriously.

Elrington—And I must be satisfied with that answer. You allow that at first you might have said it was a boy ?

Mrs. M.—Never seriously—never to any one that had a right to ask me.

Elrington—Did you know Dr. Sullivan, of Ballybinch ?

Mrs. M.—To be sure I did.

Elrington—Did you never tell him it was a boy ?

Mrs. M.—What should I tell him for ?—Though the Doctor came too late for the birth, he saw the child.

Elrington—Did you not say, the moment he entered the room, Mrs. O'Halloran has got a fine boy ; but you are come too late ?

Mrs. M.—The Doctor before he died could never have told you that : it must have been invented by some of his people.

Elrington—I ask you, if you did not remark to Dr. Sullivan, that Mrs. O'Halloran had got a boy ?

Mrs. M.—No, to be sure I didn't.

Elrington--Now tell me, how long it was after the delivery of Mrs. O'Halloran, that Lady Kathemere was brought to bed?

Mrs. M.—Six months and some days.

Elrington—Were you present?

Mrs. M.—I was.

Elrington—Were you the nurse?

Mrs. M.—Yes.

Elrington—Was Lady Kathemere delivered of a boy or girl?

Mrs. M.—Of a boy, to be sure.

Elrington—Had you any medical assistant?

Mrs. M.—Medical what?

Elrington—Was any doctor present?

Mrs. M.—Oh yes, a foreign doctor.

Elrington--Did he say it was a boy?

Mrs. M.—To be sure he did.

Elrington--Did he tell you it was a boy?

Mrs. M.—What should he tell me for? Wasn't I attending the lady with him?

Elrington—Did the lady ask, and did he tell her?

Mrs. M.—That he did.

Elrington--Did he speak English?

Mrs. M.--I don't remember all the particulars so long ago; but I am sure he never said to me that it was a girl.

Elrington—Did he say any thing to the lady? is my question?

Mrs. M.—I have told you he did. I had not any thing to say to him, and he soon went away.

Elrington—Should you know him again if you were see to him.

Mrs. M.—How should I?

Elrington—He gave his evidence before you in this Court. Didn't you see him?

Mrs. M.—I saw some one at a distance; but I saw another at the last trial, who is as likely to be the real doctor as this.

Elrington—Do you swear that you believe him as likely to be the real doctor as the person you saw to-day?

Mrs. M.—Yes; why not?

Elrington—You have told me that you were present at the birth of this child of Lady Kathemere, and that you were the nurse. What did you do with the child?

Mrs. M.—What do nurses do with young infants?—Wash them, and clean them, and dress them, and feed them.

Elrington—And did you do these things for this child?

Mrs. M.—I took it into another room for the

purpose; and the next day I set off to Dublin with the fine boy and Lord Kathemere himself.

Elrington—Now let me ask you, did you know Kate Flynn?

Mrs. M.—What, Maurice Flynn's rattling young wife are you asking about?

Elrington—Tell me what you know of her?

Mrs. M.—Why, after I went away with the young Lord to Dublin and London, she was taken into the Castle, to nurse Mrs. O'Halloran's poor little baby.

Elrington—Was Kate Flynn a wet-nurse?

Mrs. M.—I believe she had lost her own child; so the lady might let her give it the breast.

Elrington—Did you not yourself deliver this poor little baby to Kate Flynn, and tell her to give it the breast immediately?

Mrs. M.—Perhaps I might.

Elrington—Where then were you, AFTER?

Mrs. M.—Kate nursed the child after I went away.

Elrington—Very well. And was not Kate hired as a wet-nurse?

Mrs. M.—You must ask them that hired her. I don't know other people's affairs.

Elrington—So then here we have your evidence—that you go off to Dublin with a child

two days old, to be supported by hand as it may be; and a young woman takes the place of a wet-nurse to one of the age of six months!—— You hold an annuity, I believe, Mrs. Maclene, from the late Lord Kathemere?

Mrs. M.—Yes, forty pounds a year. A mighty matter for all my services!

Elrington—What services?—But once assisting at the delivery of Lady Kathemere, and taking the boy to London?

Mrs. M.—Great services, I think; if it was all as you pretend, worth a great deal more than your pitiful forty pounds!

Elrington—I have nothing more to ask you at present, Mrs. Maclene. You have been now *my* witness. My learned friends will perhaps by-and-by examine you as *their's*, and I may have the pleasure of a cross-examination with you, after we have heard what some of your neighbours say, and the good wet-nurse, Mrs. Catherine Flynn, herself.

We have not entered into the feelings of the different parties during the foregoing examination:—the greatest attention had been excited, but not a word had passed from the most interested auditors. But as Mrs. Maclene left the box, Sir Bedell Wharton arose, and spoke, in a very

low tone, to his Brother Baronet. The other shook his head, and motioned to him to return to his seat.

Sir Timothy had been a reckless man, and had thrown the most venturous hazards in his time, and even the most desperate games. Sir Bedell Wharton had been a cool and considerate gamester, had played with various fortune, knew the danger of odds against him, and changed and shifted according to the odds. The latter could not fail to see that all the casts were now to their disadvantage, and he wished to hedge, and to pause, and to begin the same again: the former was resolved to abide by his chance, and to run the risk of the long odds.

The trial proceeded.

Many witnesses were now produced, who, to the questions of Messrs. Fairbelough and Lawrey, gave a clear and decided testimony that the child of Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran, born at the Castle of Pon-tyrone, was considered in the neighbourhood to be a son till after the delivery of the Countess of Kathemere:—their cross-examination did not invalidate their evidence; and to close the whole of this part of the evidence, Catherine Flynn was called into Court. Mr. Elrington examined her; and, having clearly established her

identity, and traced her from the Castle of Pon-tyrone to the present station with her husband in the ——— Regiment, now quartered at ———, he thus proceeded :—

Elrington—By whom were you hired to go to Pon-tyrone Castle ?

Mrs. Flynn—By Counsellor O'Halloran.

Elrington—In what capacity ?

Mrs. F.—As wet-nurse.

Elrington—When did you come to the Castle ?

Mrs. F.—In the beginning of January.

Elrington—When was the child brought to you ?

Mrs. F.—The third day after my arrival.

Elrington—Was it a boy or girl ?

Mrs. F—A girl.

Elrington—Did any one mention to you the sex of the child, when you first came to the Castle, before it was brought to you ?

Mrs. F.—No. I did not believe it was then born.

Elrington—Did you ask its age ?

Mrs. F.—No. I seldom saw any one to speak to, as I could not converse in the English language at that time ; and I never saw Moggy Maclene but once.

Elrington—Who delivered to you the child?

Mrs. F.—Mrs. Moggy Maclene.

Elrington—Can you speak positively to the child's age?

Mrs. F.—I can swear that it was not above a week old.

At this period of Catherine Flynn's examination, Sir Bedell Wharton walked out of Court.—The examination proceeded, and was concluded; and the cross-examination did not in any degree invalidate her testimony.

Sir Timothy O'Halloran soon afterwards received a note, and left the Court.

The probability that the female child was the daughter of Lady Kathemere being established; her being carried away by Milly Maclene, who had the care of her after the departure of Mrs. Flynn, was proved; and subsequently her situation, to the time when her life was preserved by Elrington and his lady.

The whole Court was greatly interested; and Erina's identity, as the infant nursed by Catherine Flynn, who was brought to her by Mrs. Moggy Maclene, was established to the satisfaction of every one.

The evidence now proceeded to prove that the male child, who was carried to Dublin and

London by Mrs. Moggy Maclene and the Earl of Kathemere, and afterwards by the Earl himself to Paris and Rome, and always known by the name of Lord Wharton, was, at the time of his travelling to London, considerably older than the child of whom the Countess of Kathemere had been delivered.

The landlady of the inn at Crossharness, Mrs. Coghlan, was first called. Mr. Fairbelough examined her.

Mr. Fairbelough—Where did you live in the year 18—?

Mrs. Coghlan—I lived with my husband, who kept the inn at Crossharness.

Mr. F.—What distance is Crossharness from Pon-tyrone?

Mrs. C.—Fifty miles.

Mr. F.—Do you remember any gentleman, with a nurse and child, coming to your house in January, 18—?

Mrs. C.—Yes; the gentleman was called Lord Kathemere.

Mr. F.—What do you consider was the age of the child?

Mrs. C.—Between six and eight months.

Mr. F.—By what do you form your opinion?

Mrs. C.—By the appearance of the child;

by his feeding; and by the manner of his noticing persons.

The evidence proceeded in the same way; the female servant of the inn, at that period, corroborated the testimony of her mistress. Two persons also from Dublin, who had seen the child called Lord Wharton, gave testimony to the advanced age; and three witnesses in London were brought forward to the same effect.

The Captain of the vessel that carried the Earl of Kathemere and Lord Wharton, was the next witness;—when very hastily a person forced into the Court, and called the name of "Lord Kathemere." A note was handed across to him. He read it in an instant, and, with a line of his pencil, throwing it to the Counsel, rushed out of Court.

All was in agitation; the whole business was suspended. Sergeant Blowpipe arose with the note in his hand.—"My Lord, I beg leave to read to you the few words which have been so strangely delivered to me.——

'To Lord Kathemere.'—(*The paper, I see, is unsealed and unsigned.*)—'Sir Bedell Wharton and Sir Timothy O'Halloran have just fought at the ——— Tavern: they are both dangerously wounded, and call for you!'——

"Here is something written with a pencil," continued the learned Sergeant;—"hand the light near to me."—But Major Roustane, who had spoken to Erina the moment the note had been read, did not wait to hear any thing further, but immediately proceeded after Lord Kathemere.

The Serjeant read—"I resign the suit!"

"Indeed," proceeded that able lawyer, "his Lordship—if for the present I may be allowed so to designate him—for surely, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, in all that constitutes worth, he is entitled to the highest character—his Lordship, I say, has shewn, in this his resignation, that good sense and good principle for which we have always known him. And I have to say, my Lord, and Gentlemen, on the part of my Brethren associated with me in this cause, and of myself, that, after the examination of that very cool and easy lady, Mrs. Moggy Maclene, we saw not the shadow of hope, but only waited for that opportunity, which is now so suddenly and strangely, and I may add awfully, afforded us, of adding our conviction that, according to the whole of the evidence before you this day, the young lady, known by the name of Miss Erina Harley, is the legitimate and only child of the

late Lord Kathemere and Frances, his widow: and it follows, of course, that the title of Kathemere will devolve on that gallant officer, Major Trolloppe, as that of Wharton on the only child and daughter of the late Earl and his widowed Countess, which daughter, I say, has been known by the name of Erina Harley.—I have now only to apologize, my Lord, for having in some degree usurped your office, which I trust you and the Jury will, considering our situation, and the particulars of the case, excuse."

The learned Sergeant sat down.

The Judge now addressed (or as it is legally called, summed up the evidence to) the Jury, and clearly detailed to them the dove-tailed connection of the arguments, which, with the double branches that connected the birth of the boy and the girl, the two children of Mr. O'Halloran and Lord Kathemere, led, through a long course of circumstantial evidence, to the conclusion, that Philip was the son of Mr. O'Halloran, and Erina the daughter of Lord Kathemere.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the Jury, without any discussion among themselves, at once gave their verdict to that effect.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Duelling is a shocking thing! So is hanging!"

MAJOR ROUSTANE overtook Lord Kathemere before he reached the hotel; and very few words were requisite on either side to explain the friendly intrusion of the one, and the grateful sense of the other.

They were shewn into a large private room, where the wounded Baronets could scarcely be distinguished amid the crowd which had assembled at the catastrophe.

Major Roustane, in the politest manner, begged the favour of the gentlemen to withdraw, who had no concern in the unhappy affair before them, and whose immediate services were not necessary to the persons who were wounded.

The company left the room, except the medical men and two strangers.

"Come close to me, Lord Kathemere," said Sir Timothy, with a strong effort. "Stand apart from us, gentlemen, for a moment."

Lord Kathemere leant down his ear, as Sir

Timothy audibly whispered—"Truly you are my son."

"Enough, Sir," said the other; "let it be known. I thank you, Sir, for so very decidedly speaking to the point. As your son, Sir, I will never neglect you or yours.—Gentlemen, come forward: Sir Timothy acknowledges me as his son. I have no right to the title of Kathemere. As the son of Sir Timothy, I now ask if any gentleman present can tell us the occasion of this scene?"

"You may rest assured I can," said a gentleman, with a strong Irish accent, "or I should have taken the polite hint of that gentleman, and made myself scarce among you."

"May I beg the favour of your name?" said the late Lord.

"Captain Daly, now of the ——— regiment," said he; "into which I was promoted a few years ago, on account of an affair of this kind, and have been in a pretty warm country ever since, till within a day or two I arrived in England."

"And you can inform us," rejoined the late Lord, "how this event happened?"

"That I can," replied Captain Daly. "Your worthy father here came suddenly into the public room, where I was present, and addressed Sir Bedell Wharton, as I find him to be:—'Come,

Sir Bedell, be quick! I can't attend to what you say in your note. Return with me into Court this instant!'—'It is impossible!' said Sir Bedell. 'Let us go into another room. There is a mistake among all the witnesses. The trial *must* be put off. We must suffer a nonsuit, as they have.'—'The only mistake is in yourself,' said your father; 'come directly, or take the consequences!'—'Consequences! I will *not* return!'—Your father struck him at the word.—'For shame, gentlemen!' said I; 'this must be settled immediately. I have a brace of beautiful pistols, just unpacked, and loaded and primed: you shall have them in a moment. Run into that other room there; take another second with you, and the thing is done.'—I brought them in an instant. 'Take your choice: they are twin sisters. Be steady; each goes upon a hair. There—it's over! The double disgrace of giving and receiving a blow is all wiped away: your honours are clear, and your bodies will soon be whole again.'"

"Never again in this case," said the medical gentleman who was attending Sir Timothy; "he is struck too near the heart to give the least hope."

"We can lift him carefully into another room?" asked the late Lord.

"Certainly, Sir," said the surgeon.

"Dear Roustane," said his friend, "see how Sir Bedell Wharton is, and come to us."

The O'Halloran party left the room.

Sir Bedell was by no means so collected as the other Baronet: he was attended by two surgeons, and a gentleman, who had very unwillingly supplied the place of another second.

"I would not have been present, Sir," said the stranger to Major Roustane, "if it had not been in hopes of preventing this shocking business; but that Irishman, with a zest that I could not have conceived possible, if I had not witnessed it, actually hastened the affair with all the expedition that he has described to you."

To Major Roustane's enquiries the surgeons replied that it was a lost case; the ball, having met with a bone, had taken a direction which it was impossible to follow.

"Is the Priest arrived?" said Sir Bedell.

"He is not in the house, but he is sent for."

"Send for him again. I beg you will all attest my sincerity:—if I must die, I die in the Roman Catholic faith—the old faith—the only faith!"

"Is there any thing you would wish to say, Sir," said Major Roustane, with great mildness,

and deference to his situation, "upon the affair that has just taken place, and the lawsuit that is drawing to a close?—I am a friend of the other parties, yet a friend of Lord Kathemere; and Sir Timothy has just publicly announced that he is his son."

"Yes, I heard him," responded the wounded man. "This gentleman may be mistaken—I may not be a dying man! I am obliged to you, Sir.——Strange you should be a friend to both parties! But at present I have nothing to say but to the reverend Priest. Oh! where is the Priest?——Sir, I resolve to be true in the faith that I now profess! I leave every thing to the Priest."

The reverend gentleman now entered, and Major Roustane departed. He returned to Sir Timothy and his acknowledged son.

Sir Timothy was recommending his daughters to the love and care of his son, and lamenting that he had not early in life followed the straight path of honest industry.—"I am now," continued he, "in a regular way of business. There is not a banking house in the kingdom that could submit the whole of its concerns to public inspection, with greater confidence of honourable approbation, than the concern in which I am now a partner. You will, my

son, on my decease, look into every thing, and make an equal division with your sisters. The Irish estate will be yours. I have been long convinced that I should have succeeded *better* in this world, if I had early pursued the same course in all things; but I could not turn back. I had involved you and others—— But let it all pass. I have also for some time seen in my own children and others the blessings of religion; but I have never dared to think for myself. Now, at least, let the last acts of my life be in prayer. It will be sincere I assure you, my son; and I beg that some sensible and honest Clergyman of the Church of England may assist me."—The son immediately spoke to Major Roustane, who left the room, and in a few minutes returned with Mr. Willisforth.

Major Roustane and his son were about to leave them together, the medical gentleman having before retired.—" No," said the dying man, " hear what I have to say, and join in the prayers of Mr. Willisforth"—(for the Priest and the Baronet were not unknown to one another)—" with me and for me. I confess myself, Sir," continued Sir Timothy, " to have been a grievous sinner—to have lived for many years without God, and in direct violation of his law. I am about to die from an act of sin. I confess every thing—I offer no plea of excuse; for I believe God to know my

very heart, and I declare my belief in him, according to that holy word which I have so often heard and neglected. I believe also that Jesus Christ was his only Son, the promised Messiah, the Saviour of the penitent and faithful:—I throw myself on his mercy—I would pray for pardon. I would pray for the assistance of that Holy Spirit so miraculously revealed to the early Christians, and the support of all true Christians !—Oh, Sir ! it would be a profanation to make a promise now; for I feel I am a dying man !—Alas ! what proof of my repentance can I give ? None: unless it be the comfort and the blessing that I have always found in those around me, who had not lost sight of their God !—Pray then, Sir, for me, as one that would be a repentant sinner. Tell Sir Bedell I lament from my heart the blow I gave him, and the fatal consequences to us both. Another is the more immediate cause: I forgive him too."

The dying man paused, and turned his looks on Mr. Willisforth, who, falling on his knees with the others, had no time to ask for a prayer-book, but began in such extempore petitions as the Scriptures in word and in spirit supply :—" O God ! be merciful, for Jesus Christ's sake, to this dying sinner, who, in humble faith, and in grievous penitence, calls upon thee for mercy. Thy truths now penetrate his heart; let it not be too late ! Aid and

strengthen him in this most trying hour by thy Holy Spirit, while we, sinners as we all are, call on thee, in the name and words of thy blessed Son——" And he began, and deliberately proceeded through the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, at the end of which Sir Timothy, with a violent effort, said—" Amen !" and at the very moment, throwing his head on one side, was suffocated with the blood rising from his stomach through his throat, and, without another word or a second effort, expired !

His antagonist lived over the night, and part of the next day ; when having partaken of all the rites of the Romish Church, and acknowledged that, to the best of his belief, the person called Lord Kathemere was a son of Sir Timothy O'Halloran, he also departed.

The new Earl of Kathemere having expressed a desire to be introduced to his late opponent, Major Roustane intimated the same to his friend, who did not, though at so serious a moment, decline the civility. The young Baronet, as we may now call the gentleman who has been known in these pages as Lord Wharton, and afterwards as Lord Kathemere, had been long conscious of the worth of Colonel Trolloppe ; and the new Earl was highly gratified with the liberal conduct of the other, and impressed with warm estimation for

him. They met, therefore, as persons who wished to know, and to be known to each other.

Before they parted, the Earl said—" Now, Sir Philip—(for I will make no scruple of delicacy in calling you by your name, for I feel an affection for you which would induce me to speak a truth though it might seem harsh, and I wish you to look upon me, not as the possessor of your former honours, but as your friend and father)—I have a favour to ask of you."

" I cannot easily refuse you, my Lord," said the other.

" You have told me," continued the Earl, " that you are going to bring your sisters to England: now, without entering into any arguments as to your situation and prospects, I have to request that you will all come to my house. We will go together to Ireland. I am convinced that you will be a very agreeable companion for me, and very serviceable, if you will assist me in following up those improvements which I know you commenced when you were in the country. I have often heard your sisters spoken of with great esteem by their acquaintance; and I will answer for the pleasure that this arrangement will afford to my wife and family. You shall not deny me. Upon your acceptance of my invitation, I shall now take a hasty leave of you.

CHAPTER XX.

"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand."—ROKEBY.

IMMEDIATELY after the trial, Mr. Sabine set off to Field House. He was resolved that the whole village of Maresfield should have a rejoicing upon the occasion of Erina's success. The event of the duel was not fully known at the time that Mr. Harley and his company took their departure from town; but Major Roustane, being very unwilling to leave his young friend at this critical period, still remained in London.

It was the evening of the day after the trial, when Erina, and Mr. and Mrs. Harley, and Mr. and Mrs. Elrington, and others, entered the avenue that led up to Field House. The fine old trees were dressed up for the occasion with many a variegated lamp, and the great iron gate opened under a triumphal arch of flowers and lights, mingled together with wonderful judgment and effect. The bells of the village-church pealed merrily, and the whole population of Maresfield,

who had been bountifully feasted by Erina's desire, were assembled, and cheered the party as they passed along.

Mr. Sabine received them at the entrance of the house, and had scarcely handed her from the carriage, when he said—" My dear Erina, let me again congratulate you, for I have the additional pleasure to inform you all that I have caught the Ghost; and as you know I am a bit of an old conjurer, I ordered his attendance at his usual place of vision, the moment that the bells struck up for your arrival, and commanded him not to depart from his station (for really and truly, after all, he is but a Ghost—a spectre—a mere phantom or apparition—or rather what the more learned in these matters call 'a fetch!') till the peal shall end."

With no little curiosity and anxiety our party ascended the staircase, and there stood the Ghost *in propriâ personâ;* such as he has been described in the foregoing history. There stood the Ghost at the very entrance into Mr. Harley's dressing-room; and he held, like the cynic looking for a wise man, a lantern in the one hand, and in the other, the semblance of no metaphorical and mystical keys, like the first apostolical Roman Catholic Bishop; but the massy form of the real keys

of the church, of the vestry, and the bell-loft was plainly seen: for, as they narrowly observed the personage before them, who stood nothing loath from such close inspection, they recognised the good old sexton, with his emblems of office.

"Ah, Jerry Horluck!" said Mr. Harley; "has it been your effigy that has haunted us so long? If you had ever stopped before, that I might but have had a second look at you, I think I could not have mistaken you!"

"But how is this?" said Erina to Mr. Sabine. "Does Jerry himself know the interest that he has excited?

"No, my dear," said Mr. Sabine; "there he stands unconscious of his station, and ignorant of your inspection. As I was going up the staircase this evening, some one went up to light the lamps that are placed around the escutcheon over the porch; and immediately the head of the man, with the armorial bearings, distinctly appeared upon the ceiling above, as you may now perceive them. It at once struck me that, as it must be the nature of the glass in the lower part of the cupola to give the appearance on the ceiling—so, from an object above, it would give the figure below. There was no building from whence this appearance could come, but the church; and

I quickly recollected the long lancet-window of the winding-staircase that leads to the belfry, and the symbols by which the spectre had been noticed, of carrying a lantern, and a bunch of keys, which fixed my thoughts on the worthy old sexton. I sent him word, therefore, to take his station at the window, or aperture, as soon as he had admitted the ringers; and, having ascertained that my conjecture was right, he had orders to take the same station again, and to keep it from the moment they set the bells ringing upon Erina's arrival, till the peal was concluded."

"And now the next thing will be," said Erina, "to treat all our neighbours here with a view of the Ghost, that this idle superstition at least may be eradicated."

They came in, therefore, by parties of a dozen or two at a time; and our village was not so populous as to make it a work of much time or trouble. It was very amusing to hear the different exclamations and the various explanations of astonishment from the several inspectors; and Jerry stood it all without moving a muscle, or a single change of countenance: and having at length vanished as the peal of the bells ended, was not, in his turn, a little astonished when he encountered the remarks, and laughter, and witticisms of his neigh-

bours, of which last article, if I felt a lack of matter, I could communicate no small store.

Among the visitors this evening at Mr. Harley's was Captain Richard Barlow; who, when Mr. Harley invited him to join the company at the upper table, replied—that, being about to form so close an alliance with the family of Mr. Reuben Parsloe, he must beg leave to decline the honour, and associate with his own connections at the second table, where Mr. Parsloe presided. "We travelling Captains, Mr. Harley," said he, with no little humour, "who have seen so much of foreign parts, having taken the command of, and astonished the natives abroad, are not very fond of giving up our consequence and authority when we come home. Here are some of friend Reuben's company, who have never heard my wonderful adventures; and they who have heard them, will relish a twice or thrice-told tale rather better I think, my kind Sir, than yourself and your friends; not to add that the embellishments which I may think it necessary to introduce, to give a zest to some of my stories, will, I conceive, be much better admired by them than by you."

And if laughter is a proof of merriment, and merriment of the joy of the heart, this second

table bore away the bell of happiness. Captain Richard Barlow, who was always well disposed to give every information in his power upon all subjects, certainly took the lead; and his answer to a question of one of the company, concerning the spectral appearance, as it makes part of my subject, it may not be amiss to notice:—"How," said the enquirer, "could such an exact similitude possibly be produced?"—He replied, "It was all very well what Mr. Sabine had told them about the distinct vision of a looking-glass, and the principles of the camera-obscura; but perhaps, gentlemen, you would like to have, in these our days of the march of intellect, a more philosophical explanation."

Many voices at once testified their wishes upon the subject.—"Now, gentlemen, you are aware that light is a fine matter, that, striking on our visual organs, gives us the faculty of seeing: that is, we can't see in the dark, for *we* are *not cats*."

"Certainly," exclaimed the company.

"Therefore," continued the Captain, with a very wise look, "we could never have seen old Jeremiah Horluck, the sexton, if he had not had a lantern or some light with him; or if there had not been a light somewhere."

"That's very clear," was remarked.

"And if Mr. Jeremiah and the light had not been opposite, or perhaps I ought to say, *parallel*, to the window in the cupola, then the converging, or diverging, or refracting the rays with the person of Mr. Jeremiah, from the opening in the church-turret to the said cupola-window, could not have taken place."

"That is very evident," said they.

"And hence the lens of the cupola-window, having received the aforesaid appearance of Mr. Jerry Horluck, transmitted it, or him, with his keys and his lantern, and with all his natural colours and adornments, of which I may mention particularly his red nose, and the parson's old shovel-hat—transmitted him, I say, whole and entire, to Mr. Harley's study-door—which very study-door is the actual and central focus, or the angle of incidence, of the refraction of the rays of light; from which that personal appearance of Mr. Jerry Horluck, which you all witnessed, is thrown back upon the eyes of every one of you."

Admiration at his description for a short space prevented his proceeding; when he concluded—"And as Mr. Jeremiah proceeded up the staircase of the belfry, and was lost to the

visual influence of the aperture of the church-turret, so did his ghastly apparition vanish away over the door of Mr. Harley's study."

"But what," said a querist, "if Jerry Horluck had gone *down* the belfry-staircase?"

"Why then," said Captain Richard Barlow, "the Ghost would have vanished into the floor at once."

"I should like to have seen that!" said many persons at the same time; and some one added, "But suppose, Captain, that the door of Mr. Harley's study had been open, where would the Ghost have appeared then?"

Captain Barlow gave two or three hems before he answered this question: then, with a dignity of knowledge that satisfied the whole company, replied—"In that case, my good fellow"—which very often means, my *stupid* querist —"you might have seen him, if your crystalline and your retina had been strong enough, upon the wall of the apartment opposite; or if your powers of vision had been weak or inefficient, he would altogether have been removed from your visual faculties."

This closed enquiry, and satisfied every one; and I shall only add, that the result of this evening's discovery certainly elevated, in this world's

opinion, the gallant Captain for his philosophy—but for the practical illustration of it, that very memorable personage, Mr. Jeremiah Horluck.

I must now wind up the various filaments of my tale; and (according to the apocryphal writer) "if I have done well, and as fitting the story, it is that which I have desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

A few weeks after the foregoing occurrences, Major Roustane was married to Erina Harley, or Wharton; and they set off immediately to visit his friends and relations in Switzerland.—And on the same day the eldest son and heir of Mr. Reuben Parsloe was united in holy wedlock to Miss Mary Fowler, niece of Captain Richard Barlow, who formerly commanded the Nizam of Borritone's forces, and was afterwards of great service to the British troops in the invasion of that Country.

Sir Harry Fellowes's second marriage with the daughter of his old friend, and earliest attachment, had been one of long-tried knowledge of each other's worth, and proved one of affection and interest.

The Honourable Colonel Crooklawn, after his examination that evening of the trial, never again made his appearance at the mess: he, as

soon as possible afterwards, left his regiment, and retired upon half-pay. Not many months afterwards his wife died; and a very expensive litigation was commenced by her relatives for her property, which he was so apprehensive of losing, that he went out of the kingdom. About the same time, by the death of his father, he came to the Irish title; but as he gained a small acquisition of property, and obtained no seat in the House of Lords, he still remained abroad.

It had been agreed upon, before Erina went over to Switzerland, on her marriage, as soon as Major Roustane and his bride returned, that Sir Philip, who with his sisters had accepted Lord Kathemere's invitation, should return from Ireland, and examine the contents of the celebrated turret, which had greatly lost its interest, since it so clearly appeared that it had nothing at all to do with the Ghost.

Lord Kathemere came to England with Sir Philip, with whom he was already on such pleasant terms of intimacy, that the Misses O'Halloran remained with the Countess at Pontyrone Castle, and their brother had promised to return with his Lordship, and lengthen their stay with their noble host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley, and Major Roustane

and Lady Wharton, as our heroine is entitled to be called, being a Peeress in her own right, received them; and Mr. Sabine, Mr. Willisforth, Sir Harry Fellowes, and Sir Peter Puffeter, came to witness the opening of the turret; and, above all, let me not forget to mention Mr. and Mrs. Elrington, and some of his family, who had been (it was now the law-vacation, and the Parliament had been for some time prorogued) many weeks at Field House.

But there was a discovery of another kind that Mr. Elrington made, after his young friends had returned from Switzerland, and before they had been many hours in the house. Mr. Harley's house at Western had been some time finished; and he and his wife were, as soon as it was furnished, to leave Field House to his adopted daughter and her husband; and this was his discovery—that it was the most ungrateful thing to the feelings of all the parties to make the separation.

After breakfast, having consulted (as upon points of the highest moment he always did) with his wife, he mentioned the subject at once.

Erina expressed her sense of feeling by jumping up and kissing him.—"I did not think it possible that I could love you and Mrs. Elrington

more than I did; but Roberte and I have talked it over a hundred times; and I can only say, that it is the united wish of our deepest thought and warmest heart."

"This very morning," said her husband, "I proposed to Erina to let me break the subject to these very dear friends, who have now of their own account so kindly explored our hearts."

Mr. Harley could not speak: he put his handkerchief before his face. Mrs. Harley replied—"My dear children, and dear friends, we are getting very old, and ought not, for the sake of our feelings, to be a tie to you, who are young, and ought to mix with the world."

"I can only answer, dear Ma'am, in the language of Scripture," said Erina—"Entreat me not no leave thee; for whither thou goest, I would go; and where thou lodgest, I would lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!"

Mrs. Harley was silent: her husband wiped his eyes, and at length said to Mr. Elrington—"On one condition, Jemmy, Biddy and I will further listen to this amicable adjustment, which I believe

you gentlemen of the law call *a settlement by arbitration;*"—thus hiding his feelings under a vein of humour.—"There are people enough already, I conceive, who think old Harley, in every thing of or belonging to that house, an old fool. Now I don't care much, Jem, as you very well know, for the opinion of the world in these matters; yet I have no wish to have my Biddy implicated in the business, which would assuredly be the case, if, after thirty years' planning, and ten years' building, we did not know what to do with the house at last.—So, my boy, if you and your wife will accept the house and its contents—(for you all know, some day or other, the estate itself will devolve to you or yours)—I say, my dear Mrs. Elrington, if you and your husband will come and live near us—and you know you both want to get farther from town—Biddy and myself will agree to stay with friend Roberte and this chit, if it be only that she may not become too familiar with the title of "*her Ladyship.*"—Another spring from Erina, and salutation to Mr. and Mrs. Harley, sealed the contract.

It was omitted to be mentioned before, that the Dowager Lady Kathemere continued to reside in the neighbourhood of Mr. Sabine, and was continually visited by her beloved daughter

and her husband, and other friends ; yet nothing could induce her again to mingle with the world, and of course she declined being present at the investigation which was about to take place, of the contents of the turret at Field House. There was nothing in the character of the late Earl, from which it could be inferred that any thing worthy of search could be discovered; but to satisfy curiosity, more than the expectation of any desirable discovery, the masons attended.

Thomas Wilson, who had before opened the place in the old Earl of Kathemere's time, and so well knew the value of a secret, had been sent for. The old man came with his assistants ; and in an hour or two the tin box which Mr. Reuben Parsloe had discovered, was visible ; and Mr. Harley gave him all the credit of his close inspection into the business.—"It was the keen eye of our friend Reuben that first saw this," said he. "We have all our tastes ; and my worthy friend here has an innate sense—there is no possibility of accounting for it—where old writings, parchments, and pedigrees are to be found."

"There is nothing very old here, I fancy," said Thomas Wilson ; "for I will take my Bible-oath that that there tin box, which we shall soon come at, was never there when I opened the place

before. I think some of your Doctors and conjurers, and learned men, that came from abroad, and opened it last year, put it there. But we shall soon see."

"You are not much of a conjurer, Thomas," said Mr. Sabine, "to think so. Is it likely that they would come from Italy to hide any thing here; and then take a fancy to risk their own necks, by robbing the house, to get it back again?"

"Ah, I don't know," replied Thomas, "what your outlandish folks may do. To be sure, a true Englishman would not do any such foolish thing; but I have no mighty opinion of the sense of any of your foreigners."--And the old man laughed, and thought he had the best of the argument; and, full of his own wisdom, went to work lustily with double vigour.

The tin case was at length produced, and established Mr. Harley's conjecture. It was evidently an old receptacle for powders, pomatums, essences, combs, and brushes, which the fashion of former days made indispensable to the toilet of ladies and gentlemen. The size was very capacious, and the contents multifarious. There was, first of all, regularly labelled, and tied up with red tape, a heap of papers and letters, which proved the baseness of the Crooklawn family in the mar-

riage of Lord Kathemere with the mother of our heroine, and the conduct of Sir Bedell Wharton and Mr. O'Halloran, as it has been narrated in these memoirs, both in the exchange of the son of Mr. O'Halloran for the daughter of Lord Kathemere, and the ill-usage and subsequent neglect of Lady Kathemere by her own family, as well as by her husband. A very slight inspection satisfied all parties.

Under these papers were the title-deeds of the property to which Erina had been proved the heiress; and under the whole was a considerable quantity of trinkets, some of value, and some merely of show and fashion, but enough, of all conscience, to have rewarded the labours of the Italian cognoscenti, if their consciences had been of any moderate proportion, and they had succeeded in their speculation. Lastly, to finish the inventory of this box, which certainly must have disappointed the expectations of the admirers of novelty and wonder, was a paper, written in the Earl's best hand, and in his prime of life, upon the subject of Reform. The Earl had here taken an extended view of the subject, from the King upon the throne to the mismanagement of the Poor Laws; and ably pointed out the remedies which were to save the country, and exalt it to an unexampled pitch of

pure faith and active morality. I shall only add that, had the Earl begun with himself, and remained in his own country, and exerted himself as a Peer of the realm, that part of his plan in which he was most interested, must have been carried into full effect.

We look now forward to his kinsman and successor, and his young friend, Sir Philip, who, there can be no doubt, will in a short time be his son-in-law, and who is just come into Parliament for an Irish Borough—and to that high character of first-mentioned worth, both in law and morals, in these pages, and to many others here recorded—that, neither as Whigs nor Tories, but as Britons, they will do every thing to promote the economy of the State, and the welfare of the subject.

THE GRADE.

If any term there be more void of merit,
Of British independency and spirit,
It is the *Grade*—a kind of bastard caste,
Spurious and counterfeit, by fashion past
For worth: gross, selfish, useless lumber,
Mere egotism in the plural number.
These are th' *exclusives!* Grace and virtue fade,
Stinted the growth, within their baneful *Grade;*
And grace and virtue, once matured, will flee
Their deadly breath, as plague or leprosy.
No moral feeling, honourable sense,
Nor holy bond have these—*Their tie's expence!*
A pride, combined with greediness of pelf,
That giving, looks *for a return to self;*
To shew like style and taste, like dinners give,
And in like form, conceit, and folly live.
The Squire and Lord, the Magistrate and Priest,
Clown, Democrat, Felon, and Atheist,
————s, and ————s (no look within,
If the *bright gilding stand, be't e'er so thin*);
Adventurers of all hues you here may find,
From the far West to the more distant Ind:
Scotch, Irish, French, with or without a name,
If *public* bruit has not yet stamp'd their fame,
No matter who they are, *'tis what they seem*—
"*No blot's a blot until it's hit,*" they deem.
"Wipe clean the mouth, make smooth the conscious brow:"
Who dare arraign the unconvicted now?

Keep but the vice and evil in the shade,
All honourable alike make up *the Grade.*
If, as the wiseman says, " *Hypocrisy,*
" That homage which Vice pays to Virtue be,"
Then these return the compliment in kind,
And pay like deference to the baser mind.
All is *Hypocrisy !*—though not all evil,
Yet " the best light a taper to the Devil ;"
Though strange and adverse, still unmix'd, and made,
By this free-masonry, into one *Grade.*
Mean as the *Grade* is found, yet still more mean
Are others, *aping* of the folly, seen
Cringing and creeping on in every station,
All in subserviency and degradation ;
While noted poets, players, mimics, singers,
Are *inclusives*, at certain fêtes and dinners.
Oh ! it is sad and sorrowful to see
Such abject tokens of degeneracy !
If poverty has strange acquaintance made,
More strange ones have arisen from *the Grade.*
But chiefly Pride puts forth its *sneer* on Trade—
This may be called the touchstone of *the Grade.*
Trades and Professions ! What ! these yield their station
To sons of gaming, spoil, and peculation ?
Trade ! the foundation of Great Britain's glory,
Laws, freedom, faith, all proved in ancient story !
Trade ! oft the source of their degenerate race,
Unless some blight or mushroom give them place !
Like Lear unto his daughters, Trade may call—
" Ungracious and ingrate, I gave you all !"
Aye, this trade-feeling puts them to the test—
These birds obscene defiling their own nest !
" My grade and your grade !" hear these graders cry :
England by *grades* knows not society.

Our free and social rights one plain evince,
With gradual rise from peasant to the Prince.
There are no separate steps: good manners, sense,
And virtue, did alone their aids dispense.
Where'er these lawless graders then are found,
Treat them as poachers on our holy ground.
Mark we the early days of George the Fourth,
Not memorable for brilliant sense and worth,
For honesty and honour: hence was made
A nameless substitute, since called the *Grade!*
Something exclusive—something with a test;
But nothing of the noblest, wisest, best:
A kind of patent varnish, to supply
The place of honour, truth, and honesty;
A conscious sense of worthlessness, which tries
To lower others, that itself may rise;
A mental vice, in which, with life's sad stress,
Are ennui, arrogance, and idleness;
A morbid state of strange hostility
To independence and fair liberty:
While pomp, pretence, palaver, and parade,
Are the *inclusive* parts of every *Grade.*

FINIS.

S. M'Dowall, Printer, 95, Leadenhall Street.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

The new British Novelist comprising works by the most popular and fashionable writers of the present day

Bd.: 22. The double trial. Vol. 3

London [ca. 1835]
P.o.angl. 251 d-22
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747947-9